OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU. See Page 9.

JOHN BULL

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(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

1782640

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ITALY NOT BEATEN

A Soldier's Call

Send me some KHAKI

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

See that the name EXCELDA is upon every handkerchief. You can buy them from any Draper or Outfitter.

Trust a British Soldier for knowing a good article!

Bissie's Adv. Serv.

10 per cent. Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

It's thirty years ago, Dear—

"THIRTY years ago since Mother and I first went to the Midland to furnish our home. And everything's as good as when we bought it."

Midland Furniture not only looks beautiful. It stands the test of time, because it is so splendidly made. That is why thousands of customers who came to us ten, twenty, thirty or more years ago still return to the Midland, year after year, whenever they want any new furniture.

Money buys more at the Midland!

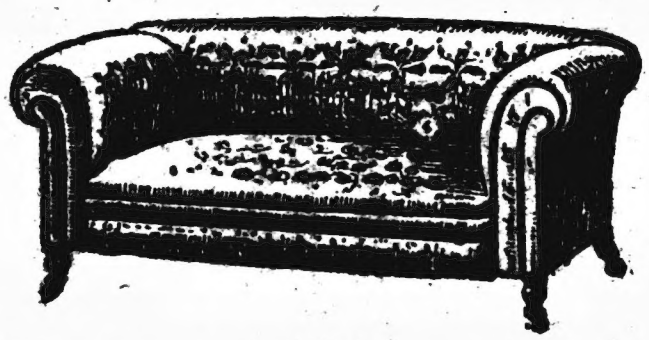
Come to the Midland and see for yourself the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view there. Look at the prices plainly marked on everything. Compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. Whether you prefer to pay cash and take the 10% discount, or to furnish out of income on our famous Ideal Terms, you will find that the Midland price is always the bargain price. Nowhere else can you get anything approaching the same sterling value for money.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at **£4 14s. 6d.**



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. **£8 18s. 6d.**

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

At the 'Midland' customers can obtain Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin, and Bombardment Insurance.

Midland
Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.
Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum. Tube Station. Hours—9 till 8. Sat.—9 till 1.
Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *(who has been associated with the business for 30 years.)*

Tommy's *bit o' comfort*

"NOW for a good night's rest free from torturing BODY VERMIN!"

PARASITOX
PARA-SI-TOX

Rest at last for the weary war-worn Soldier. The misery of sleepless nights caused by the attacks of loathsome body vermin should now be a thing of the past. Parasitox, the most marvellous destroyer known to science, is sure and certain. It kills and repels such loathsome pests, including Mosquitoes, etc. Parasitox is a solid compound in stick form, pleasant to use, convenient to handle and carry. Applied to the neck and other exposed parts of the body, is a prevention against such dread diseases as Malaria, etc.

Avoid cold greasy ointments; they are useless. Powders are equally inefficient. Parasitox is never known to fail. Not only does it kill all vermin, but it destroys the eggs. Parasitox acts by contact and diffusion as the body heat causes the slow vaporisation of the active principles which permeate the surrounding area and poisons all vermin. Thousands of sticks sent regularly every week by Central Prisoners of War Committee.

Send to your Soldier friends—(there is no more welcome gift. Make sure YOUR Boy has his full night's rest.

1/- Per stick
Non-Greasy Pleasant to use.

Obtainable from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parkes, Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppells Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and 73, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1, and Branches.

HEPPELL'S Insectox Laboratories, 2, Eden Street, N.W. 1.

Do away with the annoyance of continually breaking laces by getting

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These are the finest laces made. Numerous threads of the finest cotton go to the making of each Paton lace, giving them unequalled strength, and securing an elasticity which makes for foot comfort. The tags are secure, and the dyes being fast, the laces never become shabby. Because of their lasting wear Paton's Laces are a real economy.

For Ladies' and Gents' wear.	*Per pair.*
Boot Laces	2d. & 3d.
Shoe Laces (flat & tubular)	3d.
Leather Laces	6d. & 9d.

British made throughout.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND.

M24

Siege Rations

Have you ever come home late—after all the shops are shut—and found "next to nothing" for supper? What would you not give then for a tin of delicious "Skippers"? It would be wise to get two or three tins of "Skippers" for such emergencies.

"Skippers" keep in perfect condition indefinitely. Everyone likes them, everyone can digest them. There is always a meal for the whole family if there are "Skippers" in the cupboard.

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE -on- TYNE.

Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers.'

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 6c, Artillery Lane, London, E. 1. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME ----------

ADDRESS ----------

John Bull ----------

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

In your fountain pen use

Stephens' Ink

The pen will then start instantly and never clog.

Made at — Hammersmith

OSRAM

G.E.C.

DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL

The OSRAM-ROBERTSON LAMP WORKS

The National Drink.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

TRUE BRITISH

The Sign of Reliable Underwear

NOW that everything is expensive—Rameses, the moderate-priced underwear, is sure of a welcome. True economy does not consider cost alone—underwear must be reliable as well—it must be Rameses.

Rameses Garments are reliable in price—they are knitted from strong, durable yarn, and are *made*, not *stretched*, to shape.

Rameses Garments are reliable in service; sound in every way, they wear well and wash well.

RAMESES

British-made UNDERWEAR

Made for men and women, and obtainable in various weights and sizes. Look for the Head trade-mark on every genuine Rameses Garment.

Ask your Draper or Hosier for Rameses to-day.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 598. Week ending Saturday, November 17th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Major Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P.

We are happy to state that there is no ground for the report that this gallant officer has been severely wounded. Up to the time of going to press, he was quite safe and well.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet—

What speeches—what flapdoodle! Where *are* our great men?

And His Show.

And by the way, can't this annual "show" be fixed for a Saturday afternoon—to give people a chance of getting out of town?

Official Figures.

Sir Eric Geddes says we have sunk "between 40 and 50 per cent. of the German U-boats." What he meant was, between 40 and 50 per cent. of those we have attacked.

Ireland.

It looks as though, by the irony of fate, the Ulstermen and the Nationalists will have to combine to fight the Sinn Feiners. Time is a rare wag. And self-preservation is still the first law of nature.

Latest Garvinism.

According to Mr. J. L. Garvin, our brother of the ponderous paragraph, the Italian retreat means the prolongation of the war till 1919. That settles it till his next lot of pars.

Premium Bonds.

We think they are coming, but we are not enamoured of the composition of the Committee which has been appointed to "inquire" into the matter. Oh, these Inquiries!

A Cryptic Cleric.

The Vicar of Leeds says he "sometimes wonders whether God, seeing that victory would give the English-speaking people a terrible position of preponderance in the world, has been thinking whether we are the people who should occupy that position." We venture to suggest that God quite made up His mind on that point before the war began.

A Specimen.

Sir Eric Geddes, in House of Commons: "We must lay our plans for a long war. . . . I see no sign of a short war." At the Guildhall: "When we talk of optimism and call it something that we ought not to whisper, I ask you to picture a fighting bull-dog with his fangs in the throat of his opponent," etc. You pay—his salary—and take your choice.

The Deaf "Clerk."

Will the Lord Chancellor send someone down to spend a day with the Sunderland Magistrates, and watch the antics of their deaf Clerk? Can't he be found some other job? It *is* so awkward when an official who hasn't heard a word of a case is called upon to advise the Bench!

Good News for the Blind.

We are glad to hear that Sir Arthur Pearson looks like getting the money he wants to endow the children of our blinded soldiers. And we are glad also to hear that the work he is undertaking at the Ministry of Food will not seriously interfere with that of St. Dunstan's.

More Munition Vandalism.

We direct the attention of Mr. Churchill to the practice, on the part of the Public Works authorities, of commandeering good corn-growing land for the erection of munition factories, and, incidentally, of displacing local shopkeepers, who are essential to the service of the district. Bramley, near Basingstoke, is one of the latest instances.

A Good Suggestion.

That was a good suggestion on the part of Mr. Justice Darling, in welcoming the new Lord Mayor, that we should preserve some of the houses devastated by Hun bombs "to tell our children's children what manner of men they were whom the City of London had received as friends, and had invited to their homes."

London Raids.

The Rev. Montague Fowler, Rector of All Hallows, London Wall, asks us to press the Government to provide special dug-outs, or other shelters, for such districts as Walthamstow, Edmonton and Tottenham, "where the jerry-built houses are more fraught with danger than the open streets." Some of our labour battalions might be worse employed.

At *New* Brighton.

Last Sunday we were at old Brighton, talking to crowded audiences about our recent visit to the Front. *Next* Sunday we are at *New* Brighton, in the Winter Gardens, just as a fortnight ago we were at Blackpool—where, according to the local Press, we drew larger meetings "than would be possible in the case of any other public man."

"Still Running!"

We recently gave figures showing the remarkable growth of our circulation during the past few months. Here they are for the last three weeks: Oct. 27th, 1,702,247; Nov. 3rd, 1,710,191; Nov. 10th, 1,718,486.

Our Free Air Raid Insurance! See announcement on page 17.

Her Queer Taste?

"English lady," runs an advertisement in a Manchester paper, "wants lessons in German, privately (native preferred)." Imagine any decent woman advertising her desire to sit in private with a Hun! The person, when she says she is an "English lady," misdescribed herself twice in the two words.

A Prig of a Parson.

A cruel notice appears in the October number of the St. Stephen's, Harpurhey (Manchester), Parish Magazine. It is in the form of two lines in the baptismal announcements and (after the full Christian and surnames) appear the words "Aug. 22nd, illegitimate"; "Sept. 12th, illegitimate." The Rector, the Rev. J. H. Beeley, is evidently of the tribe caddish, and deserves to be horse-whipped.

The Spirit of London.

We must print this: "That wild man of the air is not frightening us. My little children have got so used to them that they play at soldiers when the guns are firing. Bombs have dropped all round where I live; we always stay in our own house, not run for shelter; aliens go mad, not British. My husband is in the Navy, and I wish him to stay there till the Hun is squashed!" London pride—and true blue!

Out of Benefit.

Grimsby Branch of the Royal Provident Fund for Sea-Fishermen has informed its members serving in Army or Navy, on minesweepers, patrol boats, or otherwise, that, in the event of their being lost, dependent relatives will have no claim. Some wives, only just learning this, are deeply resentful at their men being discarded because they are fishing for mines instead of fish. It may be very "legal"; it does not sound quite humane.

The Hub of the Universe.

Ever heard of the *Strathspey Herald and Grantown Advertiser?* It is published at Grantown-on-Spey, and it "circulates in Grantown, Carrbridge, Aviemore, Boat of Garten, Nethybridge, Cromdale, Dulnain Bridge, Ballindalloch, Glenlivet, Tomintoul, Kingussie, Newtonmore, and surrounding districts." So, you see, it is a somewhat important paper. And this is what it thinks of us: "A nauseating humbug—the most blatantly egotistical man in the universe." If you see it in the *Strathspey Herald*—well, it really *ought* to be "so"!

We Wonder!

According to a cutting from another paper—whose title is omitted—we are now "a changed man, wielding a powerful pen, reinforced by the Voice heard amongst the ruins of a devastated land, and the thunder of a thousand guns belching forth destruction and death." We wonder!

A "Glow of Pride."

Through the streets of suburban London were borne to their grave the other day the maimed and mangled bodies of the victims of Germhun Zepps. Characteristic of the fatuous inanities which so frequently proceed from the pulpits in regard to these recurring aerial murders, was a remark in the preachment of the Bishop of the diocese in the parish church. "Did it not really," he said, "fill the hearts of those at home with something of a glow of pride that they should be called on to face just a little of what those who were fighting had to face?" There would be a much stronger glow of pride if this hollow-sounding pulpitarian piffle ceased and the Government redeemed their promise to give the Germhuns "hell."

Very Shabby.

A Sister in a Military Hospital at Southsea broke down through stress and strain. Her brain giving way, she was removed to the Imbecile Block at the Workhouse for a week, before being taken to an asylum. Is the workhouse good enough for a nursing Sister, self-sacrificed?

Sugar for Nothing.

Another something-for-nothing stunt. According to a notice exhibited in the window of a grocery firm in Earlsfield, persons taking their Sugar Cards there will receive half-a-pound of sugar for nothing. Seeing that the firm have so often had no sugar to sell, according to their statements to customers, where do they now get it to give away?

The Taxi "Fiend."

Oh, those taxi-drivers! One drove a "perfect gentleman" from Cannon Street Station to the Ministry of Munitions, Embankment entrance. He waited an hour, and then made inquiries, to find the "gentleman" had left by another door. The driver will not grumble if the "gentleman" will forward the 4s. to our Fund for Distressed Soldiers and Sailors. Which is the "gentleman" of the twain?

In the Churchy Style.

Some of the "good" folk have most offensive notions, to judge by the *Church Times*. The war will spoil our men, that journal assumes. After it "the dark alleys of seaport towns may witness many a grim tragedy . . . both in England and abroad there will, perhaps, be a marked increase of the dangerous apache class." It requires a mind of the *Church Times* calibre to suggest that our best sons will become murderers. But we know them better.

Self First.

When a proposal to appoint an Inspector to visit the local market and report whether or not cattle, sheep, and pigs were being sold above the maximum price, was brought before the Witham Urban Council, Essex, a member, it is said—a farmer—gave his casting vote against it, "because," he admitted, "I don't feel inclined to cut my own throat." It is a candid reason, to say the least, and as conscience makes cowards of us all, probably as true as it is candid. Or was he joking?

One More Unfortunate.

Piteous was the letter found on an unknown man who hanged himself at Penzance: "I have lost my only son in the war. I have no friends or relatives in the world, God forgive me." Yet a heartless jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*. In old days that meant burial at cross roads, with a stake through the body. In these days it means burial without religious service, or only a partial service. Surely the poor fellow was of "unsound mind," through grief and worry.

The Mayor and the Shortage.

It seems to us that the Mayor of Portsmouth, Alderman H. R. Pink, is caught out. In one column of the local *Evening News* his Worship expatiates on the virtues and advantages of food economy; in another column we find him one of a tea-party "of between sixty and seventy," held in the Board Room of the Guardians, to commemorate the 45th birthday of one of the members, who may have a novel notion that this is the way to win the war. Can the Mayor tell us where the founder of the feast collected all the sugar and the tea?

Christmas Turkeys.

You are still in time. See announcement on page 24.

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT! See page 9.

War Bonus.

Subscribers to War Loan and other gilt-edged goods will be interested, to say the least, in the news that the Herts. War Agricultural Committee have increased the pay of Prisoners of War from 4d. to 5d. an hour. As the poet saith, "Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

The Profit Here.

Opening announcement of the General Committee of the Stratford Co-op. on the balance-sheet for the quarter ending September 4th, 1917: "The sales amounted to £305,509, an increase of £36,078 over the corresponding period last year. The net profit for the quarter, including the balance brought forward, and after providing for expenses, depreciation, interest on capital and other charges, amounts to £16,984 3s. 1½d." And they pay no income tax!

No Peace, Until——

The Vicar of St. John's, Grantham, the Rev. H. E. Stancliffe, puts before his parishioners peace in a nutshell. "The sum of the matter is," he says, "there can be no peace until either Germhuny is crushed, or has shown real penitence for her crime by offering to make real acts of reparation to humanity for allowing her lust of power to drench the world in blood." That said, all is said.

A Class Distinction.

At Panama there is a Patriotic League of Englishwomen, affiliated with Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. It has sent 5,000 garments in less than two years, and has been told "the garments are so beautifully made that they are distributed only among the children of officers." Every officer is not rich, and we should be the first to say "share and share alike" in cases of need, but we do not like that reservation. Nor do the ladies of Panama appreciate the distinction.

The Label Swindle.

A few days ago a Kensington man went into a grocer's in that neighbourhood and purchased a quarter of tea, at 5s. per lb. When he reached home, "being rather curious" as to what might be under the new label, he pulled it carefully away. "To my surprise," says he, "the price underneath was printed '2s. lb.'"—evidently old stock. "I took it back, and my money was refunded without a murmur." And if there were any such a thing as a Food Control in this country, that grocer would be run in without a murmur.

Term and Terms Objectionable.

The Bennett College, Sheffield, must contain some high and mighty magnificoes among its staff when it can condescend to advertise in these terms: "Person wanted, clean offices; 12s. weekly, 8.30–5.30." The wage offered is scandalous and disgraceful, and more disgusting still is the lofty, nose-in-the-air designation of a "Person" wanted. Such folk have yet to learn that we are all men and women nowadays. Bennett College has no room for either; on its own showing, what it wants is a dog.

Tommy's Tot.

Apropos of Tommy's tot, about which pernicious pumpuritans have been telling so many fairy tales to their audiences, the Rev. D. H. Hanson, C. F., Larne, refers to one of them—that a certain Irish regiment went over the top drunk through the rum ration. "I had the pleasure and honour of being with the gallant Ulster Division on the alleged occasion," he says, "and that statement is a cold, calculated lie. All the time I served with the Ulstermen I never saw one solitary man under the influence of drink." You cannot have anything more expressive and categorical than that.

Slighting the Silver Badge.

After three years' service, a discharged man got work as fitter's mate in a Cardiff shipyard. He had to lay off for a few weeks, his illness resulting from his sufferings in France. When he went back he was told he was not required any longer. In his own words, "In my place was a chap fit for the Army, who had never worked in the docks before—a barber with a shop in the district." Too often are such fellows sheltered, while men with the silver badge go idle.

The Squanderers.

The mania of officialdom everywhere for erecting new buildings to house its self-important activities shows no sign of abatement. At the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square upwards of a dozen men were busily employed putting up a building as a Recruiting Office for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. And all this because the Corps needs two or three rooms for the purpose. However, another £82,000,000 has been raised by War Bonds.

Asylum Curiosities.

A soldier of 13 years' service received sudden notice of his wife's removal to an asylum. His C.O. in France gave him special leave, and he hurried home—only to find his wife gone. He saw her at the asylum, and she asked him whether he had been handed her clothes and the money taken from her. Inquiry proved that the money was in the office, the clothes some four miles away, while the gold wedding ring—not on the written list—was actually in the pocket of a certain official. It all seems very wrong.

Curious Contrast.

Harrogate Tribunal. Case One: Clerk in Solicitor's Office, 35, Class A, one child. Appeals on domestic grounds; his wife hopes to make him still more blessed in January. Exemption till February; leave to appeal. Case Two: Boot Repairer, 35, Class B1, two children. A one-man business, and certified occupation; all his brothers (five) are in the Army; he hopes to be a happy father again in January. Ordered to join up on Dec. 1st. A more extraordinary case of unequal treatment would be hard to find.

Cruel Carelessness.

The Divisional Food Commissioner, Home Counties Division, might usefully get another hand than his present one to draft his advertisements. Under the heading, "Official Appointments," he "Required at once, Filing and Registry Clerk, also Copying Typists, and Junior Clerks." Applicants were to "Apply personally." And any weary ex-soldier, tramping to Chancery Lane from the other end of London, was blandly told on arrival that the vacancies were for women only. It was cruel carelessness.

Tobacco Control.

More than once the country has been threatened with a tobacco shortage, if not famine. The Tobacco Control still keep many shopkeepers on such short commons that they are no sooner supplied than they are sold out. Yet it appears that the Germhun prisoners interned at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, and presumably in other parts of the country, are allowed to purchase each week 2 lbs. of tobacco, 200 cigarettes, or 100 cigars. For a Germhun there can't be very much difference between this country and Paradise.

Our Christmas Gift.

Readers, who in these days of economy desire to purchase useful and inexpensive presents, are referred to the JOHN BULL Pen Gift Coupon, which will be found on page 9. JOHN BULL Pens have, on their merits alone, earned a world-wide reputation, and we have been overwhelmed with testimonials to their worth from all branches of His Majesty's Forces, both on land and sea.

Hurry up if you want to win a "Bullets" Prize Turkey! See page 24.

ITALY IS NOT BEATEN.

IN ALL WARS GREAT VICTORIES ARE PRECEDED BY REVERSES.

By A. G. Hales.

ITALY is *not* beaten; she is not reeling from defeat to disaster; the mighty Roman spirit that throughout the ages has so often turned what on the face of it looked like certain annihilation into stupendous victory, is not dead—it is only sleeping. The spirit of the Roman will leap to vigorous life under the smashing blows of the Huns, and stay the torrent of the German advance as surely as it was stayed at the Marne, when Von Kluck and his victorious horde were surging headlong to Paris on a flood of victory. The Italians are not a decadent people; they are not new to warfare on their own soil; they have thousands of years of mighty military renown behind them to buoy them up in their dark hour—their eagles in days gone by have o'ershadowed the world, and in the hour of stress and danger nothing turns men into demi-gods like traditions of past achievements. There is no true Italian man in all that fair, sweet, sunny land who will not now remember that in his veins runs the blood of the Romans, the one-time masters of the world. They have always been a race who know how to die in defence of their altars and their homes, and they will leap tiger-like to the fray, and, if need be, die like Paladins ere they will permit the hated Hun to ravage and destroy and dishonour the land endeared to them by the glories of the past.

They Know the Hun.

From time immemorial they have known the Hun. Again and again they have felt the full force of the savage licentiousness of the fair-haired barbarian soldiery from around the Elbe. No need to tell the women of Italy the fate that awaits them if the Kaiser's legions sweep over the land. Their knowledge was foredated; they know that not a vestal will be left within their borders, not a matron unshamed. No need to warn the churchmen of Italy of the perils of a Hun invasion; they know. Sisters of Mercy, vowed to religion, will become the prey of Hunnish lust, priests will be shambled on the altar-stones—so has it ever been when the Hun prevailed; for the leopard will change his spots before the Hun will change his nature. Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Poland—all cry aloud to Italy that the barbarians from the Rhine are just as they were in those far-off days when Cæsar at the head of his Roman legions put them to the sword and chased the remnant of the Germans into their own territories after their wolfish excesses. Always has there been hatred between the two peoples—because Italy stood for the fine arts, for real culture, for the advancement of mankind, for freedom, and for brains against beastliness; whilst the German Hun stood for brute force, for foul feeding, for grossness and greed. Different in all things as daylight from dark: Italy a beacon light for the progress of humanity; Germany a blood-red blazing torch of war, seeking to rule by terror. This latest phase of the war, this bursting through the ranks of Italy, is not going to crush or appal our great Ally; it is going to weld the nation into a solid mass, instinct with vitality; strong to endure; for now it has become a holy war, and women and churchmen will lift high the battle banners and urge the fighting men on to emulate the deeds of their forefathers. Priests will not forsake their flocks; they will die at their posts like men. In the vortex of invasion, all schisms, political and social, will be swallowed up—for with the descendants of the Romans Italy comes before all things, and for Italy they will fight and die. We shall see her sons rushing to the dear homeland from every quarter of the globe where they have gone in search of wealth, and accursed be he who stays away in the hour of his country's need. The German bivouac fires will be the beacons which will draw Italia's sons into the ruthless ruck of war. A new Italy will arise from the ashes of those fires—strong to smite, terrible to avenge, resistless as Fate. Men are looking to General Diaz, and asking with bated breath, "Is he great?" Yes; Diaz is a great soldier, worthy of his high office, worthy of a nation's trust in its darkest hour. "But Cardona has let the Germans through!" cry the pessimists. Aye, and so did Cæsar more than once; so did Napoleon let his enemy beat him more than on one occasion, and he also was of pure Italian blood. Before this war ends, I look to Diaz and Badogli to emulate the deeds of their countrymen—Cæsar and Napoleon—and to do to the Hun as they did; for they have the god-like gift of imagination, without which no General in the field is more than a glorified gendarme. Mackensen has beaten Cardona once, and, like the great soldier he is, Mackensen has not loitered upon the way; he has pushed on like a human thunderbolt and captured men and guns by the thousand; he has acted like a genius in his hour of triumph. But he had traitors to help him—traitors who did in Italy what they are trying to do in Britain. Nevertheless, Diaz and Badogli will rally as we rallied at the Marne, and ere long we shall see Italy and her Allies fight another Ypres, such as French fought, and after that we shall have the Huns on the defensive again. We did not cry "All is lost!" when we were hurled back from Mons to Compeigne; we smiled grimly and struck sternly—and so will it be with Italy, or all the lessons of history are of no avail as guide posts to posterity. It may well be that we have not yet heard the last or the worst of Mackensen's gigantic thrust. I think we will hear worse news soon. Mackensen may sweep down over the fertile plains and seize the stores of grain, the flocks and herds, the wealth of cities, and all the good things of a fat and prosperous land; but behind it all, like a swiftly-gathering storm, the new Italian command—an army of patriots—will be found ready for vengeance, and the Hun army that enters Italy will remain there to fatten the soil with its bones.

Another Renaissance.

Ere that happens, Italy may be purged with fire and sword, but the cradle of war will give to the world a newer and a lustier Italy than modern men have known. All that is wanted now is that every man with a drop of the old Roman blood in his veins should flock to the Colours—forgetting all difference of caste or class, of religions or politics, ready to trust to the death the splendid brain, the well-proved skill, the undying patriotism of Diaz and Badogli. What a chance lies here for Irishmen to volunteer, a million strong, to go and defend the cradle of their faith, the home of their religion! Lives there a priest who will not back up this appeal? I would to God the Government of the day would give me the permit to go in person to make that appeal to Ireland. I know the Editor of John Bull would put no obstacles in my path in such a cause—nay, I know he would use his eloquence to help. Think of it, Irishmen! An Irish brigade fighting in Italy to defend the altars and the shrines, and the dear sweet women vowed to Holy Church, so sacred to all true men. I would ask no greater honour than to fight, as a simple private, in such a cause. Ireland, Italy needs you; your religion needs you: the civilisation of the world needs you! You are drilled and ready for war. Never again, as true sons of the old faith, will you be able to lift up your heads in any land if you let this chance to prove your worth pass you by. There are no better fighters on God's green earth than you. Up, Ireland!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—I'm glad to hear that you are to be armed with special powers to censor the mischievous questions put down by pacifist and pro-German Members. But why wait for such powers? Throw all such notices into the waste-paper basket—and the House will support you. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR B. L.,—Only the other day I had to notice the painful eccentricity of Sir A. Spicer, the Member for Central Hackney, voting for one thing when he meant to vote for t'other. Now here *you* are—you and Carson—in the rôle of absent-minded beggars, wandering into the wrong lobby and voting with the Pacifists instead of the Patriots. If this wasn't an era of Government ale and attenuated Scotch, I tell you frankly I should advise you to take less of it. As it is, the fact—admitted by yourself—that you and Carson "walked through the lobby without noticing either the Clerks or the Tellers," convinces me that one may be blind even in the paths of sobriety. Don't let it occur again, however. Other people may be more suspicious. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rendlesham.

DEAR LORD RENDLESHAM,—You may be interested in the proceedings before the Woodbridge Magistrates, in which an ex-soldier, named Jack Mayhew, was charged with poaching upon your Rendlesham estate. For twenty-five years the old fellow had served in the Army, being discharged with a clean sheet. On the outbreak of war, though over 50 years of age, he again joined the Colours. and was engaged in the Battle of the Somme. His present offence consisted in the setting of a snare—which he stated to be a rat-trap; whether accidentally or by design, it had sealed the fate of a rabbit. That you would ever have deliberately sanctioned such paltry and vexatious proceedings, I cannot for a moment believe. However, a word to your head gamekeeper might avoid such scandals for the future. JOHN BULL.

To G. J. Caldwell, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Licensing Magistrates, Hereford.

SIR,—It is no surprise to me that your Bench's refusal to licence the Garrick Theatre to enable the Welfare Committee to carry on Sunday concerts has aroused dissatisfaction in Hereford. Nobody in the city seems to have opposed the application. The police said not a word against it. The usual run of Sabbatarian bigots were silent. The Dean is said to have regarded it with sympathy. On general grounds these Sunday concerts were unassailable. They were promoted by a body of social workers with the blessing—shall I say?—of the Town Council; they were primarily organised to take off the streets on Sunday nights a large number of newly-imported women munition workers; they were of a semi-religious and essentially high-class character; and they were in the hands of a Lay Clerk of the Cathedral. Hereford has every reason to censure its Licensing Magistracy for doing it so ill a service. JOHN BULL.

To the "Hon." Bertrand Russell.

DEAR DISHONOURABLE,—I see you are at your old games again, a certain speech at Bradford having won you the cheap approval of the Independent Labour Party, by whom you are acclaimed as "a valuable acquisition." Fortunately, your recent history is too notorious for much harm to be done. It is not so very long since you were forbidden by the authorities to enter any prohibited area—as though you had been a Hun by birth, as you evidently are by sentiment and sympathy. Neither this Government nor its predecessors have been prone to take such action except upon the clearest provocation, and such an embargo is more than sufficient to brand you as a traitor to your country and a friend of the foe. So be careful! There is a point at which even the British worm will turn—and then woe betide you and your breed! JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel Adams, Army Chaplain.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—That was a fine, manly speech of yours at Ballymena the other day. You stood up for Tommy—for his morality, and his rum! You spoke of the wonderful way in which the war had broken down all barriers of sect and creed between the fine Irish lads at the Front, and you paid a well-merited tribute to those splendid Priests and Parsons who had made the great sacrifice whilst ministering to the spiritual comfort of the troops. *You're* the kind of parson I like. Shake! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, Minister of Agriculture.

DEAR SIR,—Is it true that thousands of cattle are waiting at the ports of Dublin and Belfast to be shipped to Great Britain? If it be true, as I am assured it is, what is the game or what is the muddle? Who is playing the fool, and why is nobody sitting on his head? I have always understood that the Food Controller was anxious to get Irish cattle into Britain; I believe the Director of Cross-Channel Exportation in Ireland is doing his level best in the matter; the Irish Board of Agriculture are of course willing to expedite shipments in every way possible; yet there is nothing doing. From all I hear, it seems to me very much like a case of stark staring idiocy, and you had better get the Lunacy Commissioners to look into the case without further delay. JOHN BULL.

To the Revs. R. Fairfax Scott and J. F. V. Lee, Guardians of the Poor, Staines.

GENTLEMEN,—I am disgusted at the contemptible attitude you adopted at the recent meeting of the Board on a proposal that the Government should make provision for the wives and children of soldiers shot for desertion. Why a soldier deserts in the face of duty is a psychological question—it is often, no doubt, due to cowardice, or terror, or aberration over which at the moment he has no control; that men of holiness, as you profess yourselves to be, should seek to punish the innocent—visit the sins of the fathers upon the wives and the children, and defend this infamous attitude on the ground that it will "deter others from deserting"—is as odious an exhibition of pietistic un-Christianity as any I have seen. For goodness' sake get out of the pulpit, or you will have vomiting in the pews. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. L. Fisher, M.P., Minister of Education.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Whether by accident, design or ignorance, my information is that Education Committees up and down the country are painfully mishandling the particular beneficence known as the Fisher Grant. Let Bristol stand as an example. Here the Education Committee have raised the salary of their Secretary from £650 to £800, given two Chief Clerks an extra £50 a year, increased another Clerk's salary by £50 in two annual instalments, and awarded Head Teachers £35 extra per annum. Coming to the Assistant Teachers—for whom I always understood the grant was authorised by Parliament, with the idea of making teaching more attractive as a profession—the Committee have awarded them an increase of £20 a year only. They receive most of the kicks; surely they ought to get more of the ha'pence. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Owen Wilson, Grocer, 123, Wilberforce Road, Leicester.

SIR,—In inflicting on you a fine of £3 in each of two cases of iniquitous profiteering, the Leicester Magistrates took occasion to console you with the assurance that they were treating you very leniently. I think they were. It is true you are a man in a small way, but there are hundreds of thousands of shopkeepers in a small way in this beplundered country, and if they are all going to be treated very leniently when they are caught red-handed—as you were—removing the labels on 2s. 4d. tea and selling it at 4s. and 5s. a pound. then no sort of effective example and deterrent will be possible. If all of you got your deserts, there would be such a run on skilly and oakum that there wouldn't be enough in the country to go round. JOHN BULL.

A MOHAMMEDAN'S WIFE.

MIR-ANWARRUDIN AND HIS RECORD IN THE COURTS.

In the public interest it is necessary to direct more particular attention to the record of Dr. Mir-Anwarrudin than was possible in the Open Letter which we recently addressed to this Indian member of the English Bar. His exploits, both matrimonial and police, are such that the Benchers of his Inn (he was called at Lincoln's Inn in 1913) might well review his conduct in the light of the dignity of the distinguished profession of which he is a member. The last appearance of Mir-Anwarrudin in the Courts was as the prosecutor in a case in which he summoned the proprietors of the Café Monico and one of their waiters for allowing treating. So flimsy was the charge that the Commissioner of Police refused to proceed with it. But Mir-Anwarrudin persisted, and secured a conviction which on appeal was quashed, Messrs. Monico and staff being completely exonerated by the Justices at the London Sessions. In attempting to justify Mir-Anwarrudin's action, his counsel was pleased to describe his client as "a barrister and a gentleman" who by this spying and prosecution was "doing good war work." Yet this "gentleman," it was stated in evidence, had been barred from the "Corner House" because he "moved from table to table at which ladies were seated." And this same "gentleman" had sought to bring discredit on a firm with half a century's record without a single complaint in all that time. If very few persons—again to quote his apologetic counsel—"would have cared to incur the public sneer" of those proceedings, we certainly can add that very few gentlemen would have risked the public sneers provoked by his previous appearances in Court. We first find him as defendant in a case in which his young English wife, who left him six weeks after marriage, applied for a Maintenance Order on the ground of his persistent cruelty. The story she had to tell was an unsavoury one—and, in spite of the denials of this man, an order for 30s. a week was made against him, although he somehow succeeded in having it reversed. It was stated in evidence that his conduct had impaired her health; that he had turned her from home with 2s., advising her to "get money in Piccadilly by begging"; that on one occasion he had tried to collect a crowd, remarking "Then I'll kick you, and that will be evidence for a divorce." In the opinion of the Magistrate, his conduct towards his young wife—a pretty English girl, daughter of highly respectable parents—amounted to terrorism, and had seriously affected her health. But Mir-Anwarrudin was not to be done. Having played the brute, he next brought his legal knowledge to bear, and even his religious faith. First, he tried to divorce her in the English Courts, and failed. Then he adopted another course. Being a Mohammedan (his father is a District Superintendent of Police in India and his home is in Madras), this "barrister and gentleman" divorced his wife according to Mohammedan law, and when the Superintendent Registrar of Marriages at Hammersmith, taking the obvious ground that there was no proof the first marriage had been dissolved, refused to issue to this young "gentleman"—he is now 28—a licence wherewith to link himself with a girl of 19, he had the effrontery to carry the case to a Divisional Court in the endeavour to compel the Registrar to assist him in his bigamous purposes. The Divisional Court made short work of his preposterous demand to stand above the English law; to be a "gentleman" in the British Courts and a Mohammedan in India—to contract an English marriage and then dissolve it in the Mohammedan manner. He had "purported to divorce his former wife, but the Court held that the alleged divorce was invalid and ineffectual"—that, "being already married to an English wife, the issue to him of a certificate and licence by the Registrar would have no effect." That decision was given a year ago this month—and the "barrister and gentleman" threatened to appeal to the House of Lords. But his threat has not materialised. The whole record of this Indian barrister is, we repeat, one calling for the examination of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn. We trust, too, the moral of this English girl's unhappy experience will not be lost on those young women who may be tempted to contract marriages with Mohammedans. It was urged by the "gentleman," and with truth, that in India his wife was only his wife during his pleasure. Remember this: In India a marriage can be dissolved *by the husband's will, without the intervention of a Court of Law.* "Any Mohammedan of sound mind" (said Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, before whom the "gentleman" first pleaded his case), "might divorce his wife without assigning any cause." Let any British girl who contemplates marrying a Mohammedan think twice and thrice before she takes a step fraught with so much risk of unhappiness. There are more good Mohammedans than bad; but, good or bad, they are by their religion allowed to have four wives at a time. Think of that!

AN INSULT TO THE NATION.

A TRADES COUNCIL DECLARES ITSELF NEUTRAL!

To the ranks of the dear Neutrals must be added a voluntary recruit—the Borough of Poplar Trades Council and L.R.C., an organisation which is practically Mr. George Lansbury's Election Committee. Its Secretary has written these astounding words: "On matters affecting the Aims and Objects of the War this Council, as an organisation, has always observed a distinctly neutral position. . . . The Council does not desire to depart from that attitude at the present time." Poplar should be interested in this attitude of its Trades Council, and Poplar men in the trades represented by the Council should consider whether this statement expresses their own feelings. It is surely impossible for any right-minded man to remain "distinctly neutral" regarding the aims and objects of the war—to stand stock still and not care a fig whether we win or lose. That, however, is the position, expressly assumed by this Council; it concerns itself not a jot for our fathers, brothers, and sons, fighting and dying on land and sea; it would view with similar unconcern a German victory; whether our country shall stand or fall does not matter to these piffiers of Poplar. They are neutral—"distinctly neutral"! Surely the good men of Poplar—and Poplar swarms with good men—will let these wasters know their opinion of such unnatural, and unnational, poltroonery? The Neutral abroad is bad enough, but we will have here none of the home-bred brand. We *can* bring him to his senses. He should be chained to the Pacifist, and either thrown into the Thames—or into the Tower of London for the duration of the war.

A CALLOUS PUBLICAN.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF A PUTNEY LICENSEE.

Mr. Charles Watson, of 27, Bangalore Street, Putney—an ex-R.H.A. man who has fought through Belgium, France, Egypt, and Gallipoli—makes a serious complaint against the landlord of a public-house in Putney. He asserts—and produces confirmatory evidence—that on a recent Friday evening his wife and baby girl lay dying. His doctor, therefore, gave him an authorisation for eight ounces of brandy as a medical necessity. This he took to a neighbouring hostelry. "After I told the landlord what I wanted and gave him the certificate," continues Mr. Watson, "he turned round on me and said, 'I would not sell you or my own mother a drain.' So I asked him if my wife and baby were to die, and he remarked, 'I can't help it.' I went to the police station and the Inspector told me to go back again and tell him he ought to serve me, as I had the doctor's certificate, but he would not, and the Inspector told me never to patronise such a callous man." Let us hope the landlord of the public-house is the only Boniface in Putney who would behave in this way in a case of life and death. On the facts as they are before us, the Inspector of police seems to have given Watson excellent advice. He and others who appreciate human kindness will do well to act upon it—besides, we are far from sure that the publican in question has not rendered himself liable to heavy penalties, and that, had either the woman or child died for want of the brandy, he might have been prosecuted for manslaughter. We can quite understand that, in these days, a licensee has to exercise scrupulous caution, but here the *bona-fides* were unquestionable.

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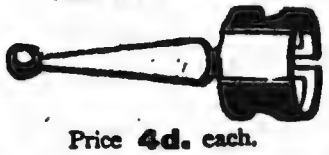

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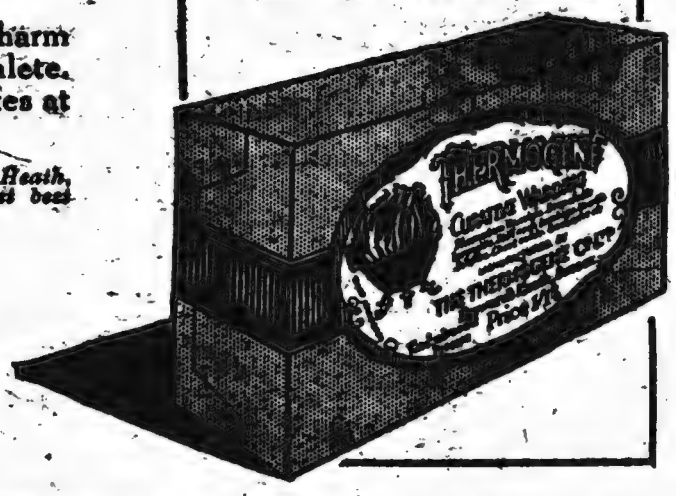

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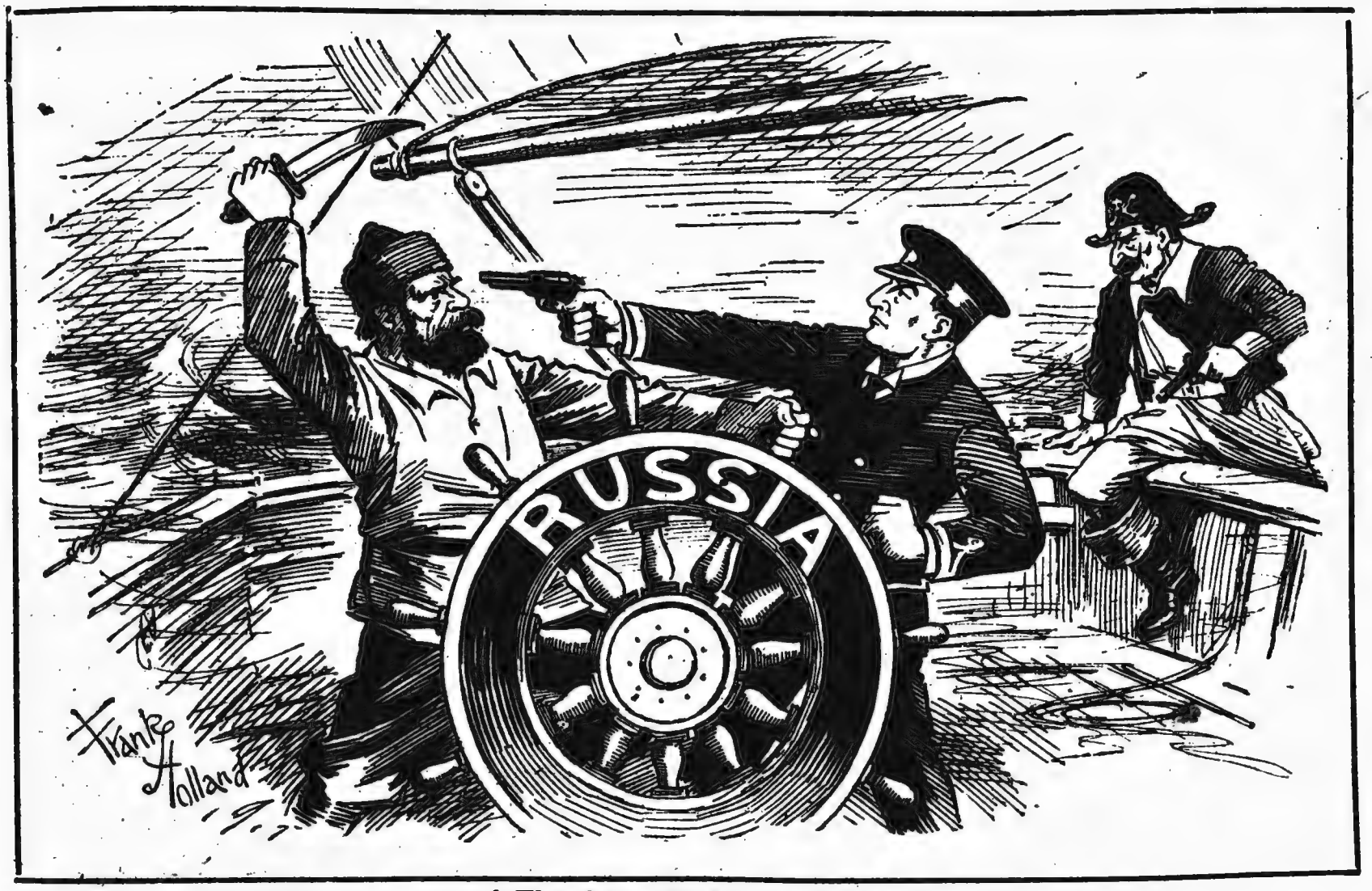

"The Struggle for the Wheel."

HIRE-PURCHASE THREAT.

A PIANO FIRM'S LETTER—AND A POSTSCRIPT.

Messrs. Curry Brothers, Ltd., Pianoforte Manufacturers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, are within their rights in addressing confidential circulars to their Hire-Purchase customers, but their latest effusion calls for a word of comment. "We beg to inform you," it runs, "that the Government having appointed a Controller of the Pianoforte industry, the Controller has taken over the whole of the wires and metals used in their manufacture, with the result that only 15 per cent. of the present output will be allowed to be manufactured." This is as it may be, and if the facts are as stated we are prepared to concede that it is "a serious matter for all manufacturers and dealers." However, it is in the next paragraph that Messrs. Curry and Co. get down to business, in these ominous terms:—

> We were summoned to London to attend a meeting of the trade, and we find we will be compelled, in every case where Hire Payments are in arrear, to enforce the Hire Agreement and resume possession of the instrument, so that, as far as possible, we may protect ourselves from disaster.

To this bald and rather misleading announcement we venture to add a postscript. Messrs. Curry and Co. can "enforce the Hire Agreement and resume possession of the instrument" only subject to the important provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Acts. In plain terms, if they want to make trouble for a hire-purchaser, they must first go to the Court for permission—reasonable notice being served upon the customer—and if the purchaser can show that his difficulties are due to the war he will receive all proper consideration. It was perhaps by an oversight that this piece of information was omitted from Messrs. Curry's circular, and they will no doubt be as anxious as anyone that their customers should be apprised of their legal rights. Certainly they should not be left in ignorance on so important a point. This war has caused many in ustices, but the law isn't always "a ass."

THE "FICTITION OF FOOLISHNESS."

LAY PREACHER'S EXTRAORDINARY EXCUSE IN COURT.

Really, Herbert Hicks is a funny fellow. He is a lay-preacher, a total abstainer, a non-smoker, a Christian man and a shop-walker. He is, in fact, a regular Pooh-Bah in his own little way. But, while Bertie is a man of many parts, he is a trifle strange in his ethics. We do not know what are his notions of lay-preaching, teetotalism, non-smoking and Christianity. His notions of shop-walking are certainly queer. He is, or was, employed in a draper's shop at Chiswick. When a purchase is made the money should be put on the cash railway and wafted with a blessing to the cash-desk. Instead, where the exact amount was paid, he sometimes adopted the curious practice of placing the amount behind him on a shelf. He admits that on other occasions he lumped all the cash on the shelf in a "fictitious" bill, and sent it (C.O.D.) along the railway. There was one case in which it was proved that the exact amount was paid to Bertie, and never received at the cash desk. But Bertie's memory failed him there. Counsel for the prosecution styled it "a systematic, fraud, which might easily have led to the suspecting of young girls when the stocktaking came." Bertie, having such a bad memory, probably did not think of that. The Rev. A. Shrewsbury spoke very highly of the prisoner's character, and Bertie showed he had no temptations—for he had no vices, no debts, and he and his wife owned property. So that the Bench decided, by a majority, that, though it was a most suspicious case, there was a doubt. And thus Bertie is not a thief, and is, presumably, still a lay-preacher. We are sure he must be a wonderful expounder. For when counsel asked him why he, a lay-preacher, falsified the books, he replied—in a phrase which would make the fortune of any comedian—"It was the fictition of foolishness, not of criminality." Oh, Bertie, Bertie, you will be the death of us!

DIRTY WORK AT D

Good-Bye, Russia!—Japan to the

By THE ED

UP to the time of writing, nothing has happened to affect the position, as I have described it, on the Western Front—where, as I have so frequently said, we have the enemy at our mercy, and where the war will end. Possibly by the time this article is read, we shall have received further important news from Haig; meanwhile my faith remains in him, unshaken and deep. In Russia and Italy, however, there has been plenty of food for the Weeping Willies and Dismal Jimmies, but I do not propose to join in their feast. At the moment, I shall say nothing more about Italy than that I hope and believe the view of Mr. A. G. Hales, which will be found on another page, will turn out to be correct. I cannot believe that the poison of German intrigue has penetrated the Italian troops to a sufficient extent to render their recovery impossible. We shall soon know, however; and although I have definitely forsworn prophecy, it requires a terrible effort on my part not to hint at a second Marne being in store for the Huns.

Good-Bye, Russia!

With Russia, however, the position is quite different. Frankly, I think they have had enough. The other day I recalled what I wrote months ago: "I have ceased to look upon Russia as any longer an effective Ally. In my view, we must make up our minds to finish the war without her." That was said at the time that our Special Envoys were coming back and telling us that all was well; and to show how little the position has ever been understood by the Government, I will remind you of what the Prime Minister said at Glasgow at the end of June. Speaking of the Revolution, he assured us that "It has made victory more sure than ever—more complete than ever. . . . It has made surer than ever the quality of the victory we will gain. . . . Russia is free, and the representatives of Russia at the Peace Conference will be representatives of a free people—fighting for freedom, arranging the future of democracy on the lines of Freedom. . . . The Russian Revolution will ensure more complete victory; it will ensure victory of the highest, and more exalted than anyone could have contemplated before." Those words read strangely to-day, don't they? But now let me quote something else Mr. Lloyd George told us in the autumn of 1915: "The Eastern sky is dark and lowering; the stars have been clouded over. I regard the stormy horizon with anxiety, but with no dread. To-day I can see the colour of a new hope beginning to empurple the sky. The enemy in their victorious march know not what they are doing. Let them beware, for they are unshackling Russia. With their immense artillery they are shattering the rusty bars, the fetters, from the strength of the people of Russia. You can hear them shaking their powerful limbs free from the stifling debris, and preparing for the conflict with a new spirit. They are hammering a sword that will destroy them, and freeing a great nation which will wield it with a more potent stroke and mightier sweep than it ever yet commanded." Why do I quote these things? I will tell you. I want to show that the politicians know nothing whatever about the war—that they are quite incapable of grasping its ever-changing aspects. And then I want to ask you—the plain, blunt men and women of the country—to join with me in saying "Good-bye" to Russia, and leaving her to work out her own salvation. She will never get such an opportunity again as that which she has now so wantonly thrown away. Her people have been sold for blood-stained German gold, and it is absolutely out of our power, in present circumstances, to save them. There is only one way in which this can be done—*Japan must come to the rescue.* I say that deliberately. Our Far-Eastern Ally has already rendered us splendid service, and is doing so in various ways to-day; but the greatest of all would be for her to take advantage of the present anarchy and chaos in Russia and despatch an enormous force into the country, making short work of the German conspirators, and rallying the misguided and uninformed population to our cause—which is also theirs. I know the military experts—oh, those experts!—will tell us that there are insuperable difficulties in the way; but in these modern days of warfare *no* difficulties are insuperable. The Japanese are magnificent fighters, and they have splendid guns. Siberia may not be a very desirable place for a winter march, but the thing can be done; whilst the mere announcement that it was about to be attempted would squelch the game of the Leninists and Maximalists, and would give Germany the creeps—compelling her to keep a large portion of her army in the Russian area, whilst Haig was busy smashing the rest of it in the West. I say, therefore, once again—"Come on, Japan!"

Jobbery In Excelsis.

I don't suppose for one moment that any of the above suggestions will receive favour in Downing Street. It begins to look to me as though the poor Prime Minister is attempting to carry the whole political-burden of the war. He does not appear to be surrounded by any other than hopeless mediocrities—quite incapable of infusing life and vigour and enterprise into things. They are entirely in the hands of the old gang of officials and "dug-outs" on which the Party System of pre-war days rested. As each in turn fails in one post, he is immediately pitchforked into another. If the public only knew the extent to which this system of nepotism and jobbery flourishes to-day, I believe they would make short work of the whole thing. It is with difficulty that I remain silent about many of these scandals—being honestly desirous of not embarrassing the Government at this critical stage of the war. I will, however, refer to one or two cases upon which a little public light has recently been thrown, and which are fairly typical of scores of others. Take the case of the notorious General Sir W. Babtie, who was found chiefly responsible for the Mesopotamia murders. He has been reinstated in his position of Assistant to Sir A. Keogh, Director-General of Army Medical Service. And it is whispered that he is to succeed that official. Now, for what was Sir William condemned? To appreciate the enormity of what has been done by whitewashing

DOWNING STREET!

the Rescue—Jobbery In Excelsis.

EDITOR.

officialdom, it is necessary to re-read the Report of the Commission and their strictures on the medical administration of this officer, who was primarily responsible for that "undoubted mismanagement," to quote Mr. Lloyd George, which resulted in the loss of "thousands of gallant lives *under conditions of unspeakable torture.*" Read those strictures, told in connection with the promise of the Prime Minister that "proper punishment"—"severe punishment" is another phrase—would be meted out to the guilty, and then realise how the whole nation has been fooled.

A Babtie Budget.

Well, General Sir W. Babtie—in spite of the fact that, in the language of the Commissioners, his experience rendered him "well aware of the standards and requirements of modern warfare," and was "to some extent in a position in India to ensure that such standards should be conformed to"—allowed the troops to be badly rationed and to suffer from a gross deficiency of medical necessaries, with the result that from scurvy alone 7,500 men were lost in 19 weeks. "The failure to insist on necessary precautions against so obvious a danger is, in our opinion, a very good instance of the kind of responsibility which attaches to Sir William Babtie for not having originally foreseen, and afterwards kept a proper oversight over, the health of the troops." Yet this is the man who is now in deputy control of the medical services of the entire British Army! "Knowing the provision of the field ambulances and hospitals to be deficient, and knowing the medical personnel to be insufficient, he yet made no adequate efforts to improve these defects so as to equip the Mesopotamia Expedition in a manner suitable for campaigning in an unhealthy tropical climate, against an enemy who was in alliance with and supported by the foremost exponents of modern warfare." Do you wonder the war has dragged along to murderous lengths when such men, even when found guilty, are allowed to commit these crimes with indecent impunity? In spite of the need for hospital steamers, this precious Surgeon-General made no provision whatever. The "extent of his activities in this direction was a suggestion of, or acquiescence in, a proposal made by a voluntary association to provide and equip a hospital river barge." His attitude in regard to land transport the Commissioners have told us, in words crimson with accusation, was "hardly more satisfactory." Army transport carts—cruel, lumbering vehicles—were all that was available for the sick and wounded. "*In some cases dead bodies were even used as cushions.*" The Government are toying with Fate—risking the most terrible retribution—by their disregard of public opinion. Not only have they fooled Parliament—you remember how, last July, they pretended to satisfy national indignation by promising a full Inquiry, just as the previous Government appointed the Commission to save *their* faces. In the words of the Chairman of the Commission, Lord George Hamilton, he accepted the post because he was told that unless the Commission was appointed "Mr. Asquith's Government would be beaten in the House of Commons and a political crisis created." What a game—what patent dishonesty; what insulting levity! We know from the latest impudent statement of the Under-Secretary for War that nothing more has happened than asking the accused officers to submit "explanations" to the Army Council. Well, Sir William Babtie has sent along *his* note; the Army Council have "found it satisfactory," and this officer—who, in the words of the Commission, was chiefly responsible for thousands of gallant men dying "under conditions of unspeakable torture"—is a bigger man, in an Executive sense, than ever he was when in India. "I think Sir William Babtie is content to let the matter remain where it is," says the Under Secretary for War! *We* are not—nor are the wives and mothers, and fathers and sweethearts, of the thousands who died in "unspeakable torture."

Another Scandal.

Note, too, what has happened in the case of General Sir Archibald Murray, now General Officer Commanding in Chief, Aldershot—the most important Command at home. Eight months ago we suffered a great defeat before Gaza—a defeat which has just been wiped out by Allenby. What happened has been hidden from us. No despatches have been published. But General Murray came home. Whether or no he returned for a holiday, and gave up his position of Commander-in-Chief in Egypt because he was tired of it, the fact is that he has remained at home and that he left to other hands the task of retrieving the position in Palestine. What are the facts? The public have a right to know them. They are justified in asking whether General Murray was relieved of his Command—they should be no longer kept in the dark concerning the action on March 26th and 27th last. Sir Archibald described the operation as "most successful," and in reading out his telegram to the House of Commons Mr. Bonar Law ridiculed the Turkish claim that "over 3,000 British dead were found on the field." If the Gaza operation of eight months ago was "most successful," why did the Commander-in-Chief come home? If it was not successful and he was responsible for the failure, what reasons exist for the continued employment of this officer? As usual, the official spokesman is ready with an answer, which is no answer. He recapitulates the General's past appointments and—ignoring the obvious anxiety of the country to know the truth—blandly tells us that "his most distinguished military record, and his undoubted abilities, amply justify his present appointment." Who can wonder at the obvious comment, "Is the disaster at Gaza one of his brilliant military exploits?" It is said that this defeat was terrible; men returning from Egypt bring heartrending stories of what happened; rumour grows mountain size. Isn't it time we knew the truth? Meanwhile, the suspect General gets this fat job! Again I ask, do you wonder that the war drags on? *Damn Downing Street*, I say. Let us have an end to this fooling—and "get on with the war"!

HOMŒOPATHIC TREASON.

OFFICIAL TOLERATION OF PACIFIST PESTS.

The authorities refuse to take drastic action against the sedition-mongers. Sometimes a newspaper like the *Workers' Dreadnought* (we should rather have called it "The Shirkers' U-Boat"), goes too far, and is suppressed. But the dirty campaign goes on as merrily as ever. Here are three leaflets which were pushed under the door of a private room in a soldiers' club by some skunk who did his dirty job, and then crept away. Of course, the National Labour Press, which printed the stuff, has nothing to do with that. It simply prepared the seed, and another hand sowed it. And the authorities know, and smile. They are blasphemous scoundrels, as well as traitors, who wrote these leaflets, for on two of the three are texts. One calls upon us to love our enemies—which we do, as we would love the man who had murdered our wife and raped our daughter. The leaflets call (1) for negotiations at once; (2) for an immediate peace. These should have been distributed separately, only the work was done clumsily. The third tells the silly lie that 250,000 Britons have given their lives in the present war in order that the right of Russia to the Straits and Constantinople shall be established. Why should we let this German offensive go on all around us in these islands? Why should patriotic men be insulted and weak-kneed men tempted by such devil's work? Are traitors to be allowed to ply us with poison because it is administered in such very small doses? Who finds the time and the money for this insidious propaganda? And is the printing of it a work of national importance? Let the authorities look into the books of the National—(National! Good God!)—Labour Press, and find out who footed the bill, and trace the money right back to the source. Is there not more poison in these leaflets than in many gallons of workmen's beer? We should like to ask that question of Mr. Philip Snowden, of the Liquor Control Board.

JUSTICES' PERQUISITES.

LICENSING MAGISTRATES AS THEATRICAL "DEADHEADS."

Rather a piquant situation has arisen in Liverpool, where the Licensing Justices not only demand immediate admittance into all theatres, but some have also acquired the habit of taking their families into the best seats "on the nod," presumably that the detective instinct may be early developed in their offspring. One of the theatrical managers, when taken severely to task at the recent Licensing Sessions for having the audacity to keep a Magistrate waiting for a few moments before being admitted, meekly protested that the Justices only visited the theatre for high-class plays to which no possible objection could be raised, and, moreover, they sometimes brought their relatives. Evidently some of the "Great Unpaid" intend to pay themselves at the expense of the theatres.

PILLORY FOR PROFITEERS.

AN OLD STATUTE THAT NEEDS REVIVING.

There are a good many old laws which the cranks and killjoys are always ready to use if they can. But there is one ancient statute which we should like to have put into force; perhaps the Food Controller will take our hint and see what can be done. An Act of Parlament passed in 1548 pronounced severe penalties against "divers sellers of victuals not content with moderate and reasonable gain," who, in their shameless lust for profit, "had conspired to sell their victuals at unreasonable prices." For the first two offences fines were permitted, but on a third conviction the culprit was "to sit in the pillory and lose one of his ears." It would be some satisfaction to the robbed to gaze at these dirty gentry, and to express their feelings towards them in the forcible way which formed the real punishment of the sentence.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PEARLS.

ANOTHER GRAVE SCANDAL AT WORCESTER.

What on earth is the matter with the Worcester police? Only a week or two ago, under the heading "Stealing from Soldiers," we published the facts of the case in which Chief Inspector E. Smith was discharged from the City Force for forgery and peculation—at the same time congratulating the Mayor upon making a clean breast of the unsavoury affair, which the Watch Committee had endeavoured to shroud in secrecy. Scarcely was the ink dry upon our comments, before Alderman Carlton was again clearing the Council Chamber for the covert discussion of another matter of "police discipline." From a cautiously-worded statement, subsequently issued to the Press, we understand that the offender this time was an ordinary constable who, in the course of his duty, had handed to him a string of "very small pearls" picked up in the street. Instead of reporting his find, as a nicely-behaved constable would have done, the absent-minded policeman seems to have taken the necklace home to his wife—being, let us hope, at this stage ignorant of its value. For the sequel, however, there was no excuse. A few days later, a reward of £5, offered for the missing pearls, was claimed and received by the woman, without, apparently the least protest on the man's part. Obviously, this was a most serious offence, not only against police discipline, but against public morals, and it will be generally agreed that the Worcester Watch Committee have done no more than their duty in reducing the offending man for twelve months at least to a lower grade than he has previously held. That two cases of inexcusable dishonesty on the part of police officers should have occurred in a city the size of Worcester within so short a time is an ugly circumstance, of which the ratepayers have a good right to complain. Let us hope that there are no more scandals to follow—otherwise it may be necessary to hold a searching investigation into the administration and control of the Worcester City Police.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The Russians, having dragged their Czar
Down to the dust, begin
To hail a fouler tyrant far—
The Butcher of Berlin.

Thanks to Japan, the Chinese door
To Uncle Sam stands wide,
And (bar the Huns) there's wealth in store
For *all* who step inside.

Because the Government are slack
In dealing with our Huns,
Comes Christabel to the attack
With heavy verbal guns

"THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, both in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front" and of what has been lately written in the pages of JOHN BULL regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question :—

I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman course.

When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the O.C. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my O.C.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two "pips," and have now three stars and an M.C.

That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System.

———, Captain.

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.'s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived. There is indeed "something in Pelmanism."

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority *and his D.S.O.* to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is, at present, inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example :—

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence produced by the Pelman Institute is amply sufficient to sweep away the last vestige of doubt, it forces one irresistibly to the conclusion—and it is the right conclusion—that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

An Amazing Fact.

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

When it is remembered that this applies, without exception, to every class of the community, and that doctors, solicitors, barristers, University graduates, authors, Army and Navy officers (from General and Admiral downwards), Government officials, politicians (members of both Houses), editors, clergymen, architects, auditors, directors, bankers, salesmen, clerks and secretaries (to name but a few) are every day writing and thanking the Pelman Institute for its invaluable help and guidance—then it may well be conceded that if the Pelman announcements sometimes verge upon the sensational, it is simply because the facts themselves are "sensational."

"Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful when one considers the disabilities under which "the little grey books" are being studied at the Front and in the Fleet. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including :—

—24 Generals.
—4 Admirals.
—81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
—144 Colonels.
—Over 3,000 other Officers.

From these *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records :—

—Promotion to Colonelcy.
—Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
—Rise of £145 per annum.
—Doubled my turnover.
—Naval Promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved 300 per cent.
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent.
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
—Increased turnover and salary.
—Secured a Staff appointment.
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly doubled.
—Added £80 to my Commission Account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
—My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation. Most students of the Pelman Course openly express regret when the lessons have terminated: so deeply interesting do they find them.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this; the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

The average man or woman has no idea of the almost boundless possibilities of mind-training, and "TRUTH" has done a great public service in bringing the facts to light in its special Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.

"TRUTH'S" opinion is significantly summarised in the following sentence :—

"The advice which sends a student to the "Pelman Institute is not likely to be regretted "either by him who gives or by him who "takes it, since it is founded on an honest "conclusion, drawn from indisputable facts."
("TRUTH," May 30, 1917.)

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand, and the majority of them express themselves in terms of enthusiasm. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for *under-stating* the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes :—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth." It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. *As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.*

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Basbfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the Course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Should it be Nationalized?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." The Editor of JOHN BULL and many present students of the Course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of JOHN BULL to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. **To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.**

Write To-day.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all JOHN BELL readers who send to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

[ADVT.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

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Tobacco MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS 8½d. PER OZ. 2/10 ¼-lb. TIN

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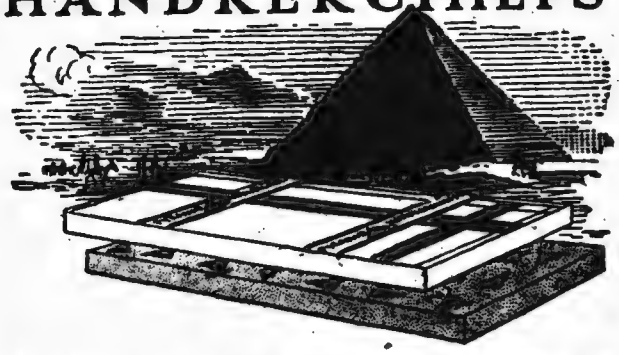

FINE, smart and serviceable Pyramids make an excellent gift for a man. Their border designs afford individuality. Every Christmas parcel or letter to the Front will be the more welcome if it contains Khaki "Pyramids." Be sure to see PYRAMIDS.

9d. each; 9/- box of dozen

Plain white border designs, also guaranteed border colors: all hemstitched. Also a good plain hemstitched "Pyramid." And Khaki.

Pyramid label on every Pyramid Handkerchief.

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Paid-up Capital	5,186,665
Reserve Fund	4,341,000
Deposits	£201,198,853
Reserves	51,707,814
Bills of Exchange	26,937,544
The Capital has been increased	£405,873
And the Reserve Fund " "	£341,000

by reason of the Belfast Bank purchase.

NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

We invite you to make your applications through this Bank.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

AIR RAID LOSSES.

MEAN GOVERNMENT PROPOSALS.

After immense labour the Government has brought forth a mouse—an air-raid insurance scheme—which is miserably inadequate. No wonder the local authorities who met at the Mansion House in London immediately after the details were known passed a resolution emphasising its meanness. Contrast it with our scheme, by which all forms of possible calamity are covered—not only damage to property, but injury to person, loss of life, permanent disablement—weekly payments being made for temporary disablement, whilst loss of rent through damage, doctors' bills, and so on are provided for. And—what is of paramount importance to sufferers—instead of being compelled to tread the long and weary road down avenues of red tape, we afford immediate relief. So soon as a claim comes in, our representative visits the sufferer and the money is paid. If ever there was force in the proverb, "He who gives quickly gives twice," it surely applies to the JOHN BULL Free War Insurance. Already over a thousand families have been relieved by our scheme without the wearisome formalities which burden even insurances in respect of which handsome premiums have been paid.

BAD TREATMENT OF SAILORMEN.

UNGRATEFULLNESS OF FOOD CONTROL.

The sailormen of Newhaven have a grievance against the local Food Control. The facts are that recently Mr. W. N. Noble, the Reader in charge of the Mission to Seamen's Institute at Newhaven, applied to the Committee for an amount of sugar sufficient to sweeten the cups of tea and coffee supplied to the sailormen who, coming ashore after their arduous life afloat, use the Institute for rest, recreation, and religious services. The Newhaven Food Committee seems exceptionally well off for food specialists, having in its membership no fewer than four grocers and a butcher's wife. In a curt note the Committee have refused the request. "I beg to inform you," says the Secretary, "that your application for authority to obtain sugar for use in the Seamen's Institute is refused." The result will be that the sailormen will get no sugar in their tea and coffee even at Christmas—or, at any rate, that will be the result so far as the members of the Food Committee intend it. Many of the sailormen on coming ashore have nowhere except the Institute to go, and to some the atmosphere is at least a welcome change from the street and the pub. What, then, explains the action of this strangely composed Committee? It is difficult to say. For some reason or other best known to themselves, they have not only dealt unfairly and ungratefully with a body of men who on the waste of waters are doing their country a hazardous and almost a priceless service, but have tried to injure good work. It is a very great shame.

THE MILK MENACE.

PRANKS OF THE PROWLING PROFITEER.

It is denied that Lord Rhondda has given any sort of official approval to the threatened London Milk Combine, with a capital of £4,000,000; but this intimation will scarcely satisfy the milk consumers of London. The real question is, what steps have the Government taken to prevent the consummation of a scheme which, if carried out according to plan, must inevitably place the metropolitan public at the mercy of the selfish clique of producers? Readers who followed our former exposures of the Great Milk Ramp will realise what we mean, and in these days of soaring prices and diminishing purchasing power, the danger is even more serious than when we first sounded the alarm. Already, the larger dairy companies have stolen several silent marches upon a long-suffering public. Two years ago several of the big concerns were permitted to amalgamate upon the specious pretext of "freeing men for the Army"—the practical result of this "fusion of interests" being to eliminate competition, and largely to freeze out the "little man," who in many instances has been too busy courting the favour of Tribunals to realise exactly what has happened. The next step, subject at a later date to the interference of the Food Controller, was to offer farmers exceptional prices for their milk with a view to "canalising" the supply in the direction of the Combine—a still more serious blow to the small retail dairyman. Should the latest proposals eventuate—and as long as there is no new flotation there seems to be no legal bar to the fusion of existing interests—it will no doubt be the aim of the Combine to buy up as many small businesses as possible, while still tightening their hold upon the sources of supply, in preparation for the piping times of peace—when the Food Controller retires from business, and the public are once more naked at the mercy of the profiteer. The new Combine "wants watching." Still more, it needs squashing.

£5 REWARD.

SEVEN READERS SEND WANTED COPIES.

Pressure upon space has prevented our publishing earlier details of several payments in respect of the £5 Reward offered for specified copies of this paper. Since the last announcement, the following readers have forwarded to us wanted copies:—Mrs. A. Wallace, 12, Nares Street, Scarborough, No. 046722, July 21st; J. Devlin, Station Buildings, Annbank, Ayrshire, No. 316714, August 11th; Mrs. W. Archibald, 53, Wharton Street, South Shields, No. 056742, August 18th; A. G. Gales, (Fireman), H.M.H.S. *Brighton*, No. 28, c.o. G.P.O., No. A164722, August 25th; J. Hulme, 7, Proffitt Street, Dean Road, Bolton, No. 217594, August 25th; Sergt. F. Caunter, 324, Siege Battery, R.F.A., B.E.F., No. A214166, August 18th; J. H. Howell, 15, Pembroke Street, Seedley, Manchester, No. 175292, October 20th.

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"TIZ makes my feet just dance."

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

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The boys at the Front appreciate TIZ.

Get a 1/1½ box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1/1½. Think of it!

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Use Veritas Gas Mantles

Of all Ironmongers Gas-Fitters, Dealers etc.

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Your Boy at the Front needs cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him some **"De Reszke"** *American*—he's worthy of the very best.

Sold everywhere.

NO HENS WANTED

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For all Cakes & Pastries

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. R. LAMBERT, M.P.

Come in, sir, come in! . . . Oh, I know wot chew want, sir—'air cut. Set there, Daniel. . . . Oh, of course, thet ain't your Christian name, but I dessay you felt as big as Daniel Lambert w'en you rose up on yore 'ocks in the 'Ouse lars' Chewsd'y to second Lees Smith's resolution on peace. But I guess you felt small enough by the time Balfour 'ad done with yer. A proper ass you made of yerself, an' no errer. Sed Germany must be "welcomed" at the Peace Conference "with open arms," didn' cher? And honourable members yelled "Never!" didn' they? And the Member for Clapham arst w'ether you would "shake their bloody 'ands," didn' 'e? Wot's the matter with yer, mister? Wotter yer 'sociatin' with pro-German toe-rags like Snowden an' Ramsay von MacDonaldstein for? 'Aven't you got a *little* respect fur yore constitchewents at Cricklade? You pretend to be a democrat, so I s'pose you oughter 'ave. Then w'y do you do yore level to bring discredit upon 'em? W'en you make a footlin' ass of yerself in the 'Ouse you make fools of the chaps wot sent you to Parlyment at the same time. It ain't kind. Wot's Cricklade done that it should be afflicted with a Member like you? I ain't never bin to the place, but I dessay some decent people live there, an' it seems rough on them. Jest as it's rough on Leicester folks that they should 'ave Herr Ramsay von MacDonaldbaum 'angin' ont to them yer arfter yer. . . . W'y doncher say somethink? Ain't yer got yer breth back yet since larst Chewsd'y, w'en Balfour took the wind outer yer sails? Speak up! It's like suckin' a dummy to tell you orf, if you won't make no reply. So you think that at the Peace Conference we oughter "welcome the Germans with open arms," do yer? *Welcome* them, eh? *I'd* welcome them! I'd 'ave a bloomin' booby trap with boilin' oil in it, ready fur the first stinkin' Boche wot shoved his nose in the dore of the Conference Room, and an open noose fur the murderin' swine instead of open arms. "Open arms," indeed! W'y, you torked as though they will come to the Peace Conference like the Projigal Son come 'ome. Well, p'raps they will. But, if you'll remember, the Projigal never come 'ome till it paid 'im to. W'en 'e got tired of the 'usks wot the swine et, 'e thort 'e'd turn good an' religious. I can understand 'is pore ole farther an' mother killin' the fat calf fur 'im. Thet was nach'rel affection. 'E'd bin a bad lot, but 'e was their own flesh an' blood, so ter speak. But don't chew run away with the idea that the Allies is goin' to play the fergivin' farther to the German Projigal w'en 'e comes crawlin' to the Peace Conference. There won't be no "open arms," nor no fat calf killed fur *'im*, give you my word. 'E's gotter come in sackcloth and ashes, an' show true repentance fur orl the dirty, vile, and 'orrible deeds 'e's done in the wore before 'e's allowed to set down alongside o' gentlemen. So git thet "welcome with open arms" idea outer yore fat 'ead, Mr. Lambert. There won't be nutthink doin' thet way, see? . . . . That's it, sir. I've cut yore 'air, and I 'ope at the same time I've cut your comb. A tanner—in the shop, please. You'll find the missus there—sittin' in the receipt of custom, as per. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MAIL":—

"The conduct of the rank and file of the British Navy was superb. . . . ALL THAT MEN COULD DO they did—AND SOMETHING MORE."

"FORWARD" (Glasgow):—

"The hundreds of hesitating Catholics who are reading us from week to week should come along and look at us. WE GUARANTEE TO TAKE THEM IN."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—

"There was nothing but black coffee to be had, as there was NO BREAD OR EGGS and STILL LESS BUTTER."

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"He HEARD the brakes suddenly applied and also the hooter SOUNDED. As the 'bus was stopping he HEARD a groan. That was all he SAW of the matter."

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"The Government have ordered six thousand Ford tractors, none of which has yet been delivered, but it is anticipated that the whole HUMBER will be available in time for the spring ploughing."

OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU.

"JOHN BULL" PEN Coupon, value 1/-

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You can have better Meals at Less Cost.

BY ORDER OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER.

"QUAKER OATS is imported to be sold under licence of the Food Controller at a price not exceeding 9½d. for the 2-lbs. (gross) packet, or 5d. for the 1-lb. (gross) packet throughout the United Kingdom."

9½d. spent on a packet of Quaker Oats buys more than three times as much nourishment as the same amount spent on bacon, eggs, meat or bread.

A WORD TO EARNEST WOMEN.

Give your Men Quaker Oats for Breakfast to work on—for Supper to regain Strength.

It will keep them fit to "deliver the goods," and save your money, too!

You are not taking full advantage of the unequalled food value and economy of Quaker Oats if you use it only for porridge. See recipes on each packet.

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Extract from the "Daily Mail," October 24th, 1917.

WINTER MILK FOR BABIES.

LORD RHONDDA'S BIG CONTRACT.

A supplementary supply of milk for infants has been arranged by the Ministry of Food, who have contracted for what is considered to be an adequate quantity of dried milk which can be supplied to medical officers of health and to institutions needing it during the winter.

The total amount of full cream dried milk which may be available approximates 2,200 tons, representing nearly 4,000,000 gallons of whole milk when reconstituted. The Ministry state that this milk will be suitable for infant-feeding.

The Ministry of Food has purchased 2,100 tons of

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FULL CREAM DRIED MILK

The Food that

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

1/6, 2/3 and 6/3. per Tin.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Proprietors: J. Nathan & Co. Ltd., London and New Zealand.

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F.7. xi. 17

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

A Woodbine Wangle.

Will the Officer in Charge of Whiteburn Aerodrome, in Berwickshire, tell us why men are charged threepence for ten Woodbine cigarettes, the price being a halfpenny more than what is demanded in the neighbouring shops?

Dumps in Dublin.

The Manager of the Theatre Royal in Dublin has given a standing invitation to from eighty to ninety military patients to visit his first performance each night, free. We understand the Medical Officer—knowing the beneficial results of rational amusement—is in favour of the men accepting the kind invitation, but the Assistant Provost-Marshal refuses. We wonder why. Possibly the General Officer Commanding in Ireland will inquire.

Remember the Sabbath Day!

On Sundays at Woodcote Park Camp, Epsom, all the billiard tables are covered up, the men not being allowed to play. The hundreds of poor convalescents wander around the camp with their minds eating into them. At the same time, at the Queen Mary Institute in the same camp the game is in full swing. Who are the Sabbatarians?

You and Me.

People who have soldiers billeted upon them are compelled by law to give them food that costs more than the billeting allowance, and to throw lodgings in free. These men are fed by civilians; in the meantime, starvation is sometimes the usual state of affairs in camps run by our Government. There is a general order now that all soldiers' parcels containing food sent by friends or relatives are to be impounded, and the contents shared among the troops. What a splendid story of England's last gasp the Germans would make out of this!

Soldiers in the Workhouse.

In the Armagh Workhouse, which is in the cold North of Ireland, there are about two hundred soldiers, many of whom are convalescents. We have a complaint that the military part of the building is icily cold, no fires being permitted. The apartments occupied by the paupers, their attendants, and the Master, are very cheery; poor Tommy—God help him!—is only a "common soldier."

The Nimble Dollar.

The chaps at Hong Kong complain that they are not paid in "Bradburys," the coin handed to them being the fluctuating dollar, which goes up and down in value like a barometer in the Indian Ocean at monsoon time. The whole garrison naturally feel very deeply upon the matter, and we suggest to the India Office, the War Office, or whoever pays the men their miserable wages, that they should not be given in the coin of the district, but should be based upon a firm British foundation. We assure the garrison that we have the fullest sympathy with them.

On the Face of It—Brutal!

Recently a Rector telegraphed to Lord Derby, at the War Office, stating that the father of a private serving in England was dying, and begged that the soldier might be allowed to be present at the death bed. Full particulars and a medical certificate had already been forwarded. Eleven days after the application a reply came refusing leave. We are not surprised to learn that the people of the district, according to the message of the good clergyman, "hold very strong views"! At the same time we feel certain that not Lord Derby, but some underling, was guilty of this gross callousness and discourtesy.

A Baffling Order.

We have copy of Orders by Lieut.-General Sir H. C. Sclater, Commanding-in-Chief Southern Command. It reads: "The attention of all concerned is directed to the somewhat heavy charges for delft, enamelled plates, etc., which are being made each month against the soldiers' messing accounts, which seems to indicate that units are not drawing from Barrack Stores the plates and basins they are entitled to under Barrack Schedules, and that the powers extended to Commanding Officers under paragraph 4 of Army Council Instruction No. 348 of 1916 are tending to bring into these accounts charges which should properly be recovered from individuals as barrack damages." Does this mean that the necessaries not drawn from the stores are found to be "missing" on inspection, and that the men are charged barrack damages because they are not forthcoming? We are beginning to see light.

Better the Boom Men.

We have been given to understand that the Admiralty has been improved by the introduction of new blood. We suggest that the First Lord should call before him a deputation of the boom defence men, and look into their grievances. We are sure they will not leave him unmoved.

Can This Be True?

We have a complaint from H.M.A.T. *Carisbrooke Castle*, to the effect that the crew are refused the free issue of cigarettes, whereas the Hun prisoners on board are presented with a souvenir box containing a pipe, with tobacco and cigarettes. Should this be true—and we have no reason whatever to doubt it, having regard to the source of our information—it is a glaring shame, and somebody should boil in oil over it.

Sorrow at Stornoway.

The Commodore of the Stornoway base has (let him not blush) the affection of the flotillas under his command. Having said so much, we would advise him to consult the crew of H.M.T. *Balmoral*, who have many grievances to present to him. If this catches his eye, we have no doubt the gallant Commodore will carry out our suggestion.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Hard Struggle.

We received a letter from the wife of a discharged, disabled soldier. His pension is inadequate for the needs of the little family, for whom the distressed mother finds it impossible to buy boots, she being in a state of delicate health and unable to work. We gladly helped her to cover the little feet, and in addition sent her a new set of children's garments, received from one of our kind readers.

Crippled.

Arriving home on leave, Tommy found his poor old mother entirely crippled with rheumatism. He does his best for her financially, but was not able to provide her with an invalid chair, which is necessary if she is to get about at all. He asked us to help bear the expense. We did not, of course, refuse.

The Fight for Existence.

A friendless woman is trying to keep her head above water. She is solely dependent upon her earnings—sadly reduced by the war—and has a bad form of heart trouble, which necessitates her slacking occasionally. On applying to us, we extended the helping hand, thus encouraging another lone, but plucky, war sufferer.

No Living at All.

Even worse than the last case is that of the widow of a soldier. The poor fellow, discharged from the Service, died a few months afterwards. She received no money whatever on account of his death, and has been working to keep herself and little one. On account of her health failing, she is not able to continue her employment, and had not a penny coming in from anywhere. On learning the facts, we sent her a donation.

Scandalous!

Discharged to the Reserve, medically unfit, a poor fellow's utmost endeavours have resulted in three days' work in three weeks. Without pension, he has a wife and three delicate children to support the best he can. This is his reward for defending his country for three years, including the great battle of Mons. Of course, we helped to the utmost in our power.

A Sumptuous Living.

Sevenpence per day is the amount another man is receiving from the Pension Commissioners. He is unable to work owing to ill-health, and wrote us that he was behind with his rent, and would be glad of a little assistance. We at once complied with the request.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"R.F.A. *Purfol*," 6s.; J. M., 6d.; "A.A Boy," 2s.; "Sydenham," £2 2s.; E. H. B. (Dunstable), £1 1s.; "Sensible Action," 1s.; "K," 3s.; "291796," £1; J. A. (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; "Private, East Yorks," 5s.; "Elaine" (Warrington), 2s.; T. A. F. (Bethnal Green), 5s.; "Thankful," 3s.; C. M. G., 2s. 6d.; E. G., 1s.; "1/10th of 'Very Close Bullet,'" 1s.; "John Ruskin Band of Mercy" (Sheffield), £1 7s. 6d.; Mrs. M. H., 2s.; Master, Officers and Crew of M.F.A. *Grangetown*, £2.; H. V. (New York), 3s. 6d.; "Won a Double" (Alloa), 10s.; R.F.G. (Elmira), 2s. 6d.; A. S., 4d.; "A Spinster" (Paddington), 2s. 6d.; W. G. F., 7s. 6d.; Ivy Mary," 3s.; C. H. G., 1s. 10d.; A. J. (Maryhill), 1s.; E. G. (St. Helens), 9s.; "Whiter than Snow," 1s.; Mrs. A. (Dinard), £3 3s.; M. E. B. (Lincoln), 1s.; "Friends, Inspection Dept., Woolwich Arsenal," £1 2s. 6d.; J. A. R., 1s.; B. P. (Wimbledon), 5s.; F. H., 2s.; "A Munition Worker," 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby) 1s.; "Kanajanva," 10s.; R. D. (Rugby), 1s.; G. C. (Sheffield), 5s.; G. H. (Nuneaton), 1s.; K. R. (Brierley), 1s.; "Meddy," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. S. (Eltham), 2s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Oxford), 6d.; "A Reader" (Leicester), 2s.; E. G., 6d.; A. E. H., 6d.; W. S. I. (Chatham), 1s. 6d.; J. M. H., 6d.; A. C. G., 6d.; L. P., 6d.; Sgt. L., 2s.; "Discharged Soldier," 3s.; F. N., 6d.; "C.11," 6d.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £10; A. L., 1s.; E. M., 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; F. E. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; S. A. C. (Norwood), 2s. 6d.; A. L., 1s.; Mrs. E. D., 1s.; "W.," 2s.; A. W., 1s.; Pte. H., 1s.; A. J., 6d.; R. M., £1 1s.; "Nan L.," 2s.; R. P. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; A. B., parcel; E. D. (Chingford), 1s. 6d. and parcel; E. M. H., £1; Mrs. J. C. C. (Perak), 10s.; P. O., 3s.; A. J., 2s.; "Successful Cover Number," 5s.; E. L. (Lincoln), 1s.; "In Memory of Our Rahkal," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 6d.; G. N. (Hereford), 1s.; "A Windlesham Mother," 1s. 6d.; Amazon Telegraph Co., Ltd., £1 6s. 11d.; F. B. (S. Africa), 10s.; "North Roe," 5s.; Mrs. B., 6d.; "Accrington," 2s. 6d.; B. H. M., £1; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; J. G. (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; J. C. (Dorset), 1s. 3d.; J. B. M. (Calcutta), 6s. 3d.; "Dunscombe," 1s.; N. F. (Alverstoke), 3d.; J. G. (Wigton), 5s.; E. A. D. (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; "Broxbourne," 2s. 6d.; "Minesweeper 2884," 1s.; W. J., 1s.; H. R. (Purfleet), 1s.

GREAT GIFT TO THE GREY-HAIRED

Wonderful Discovery which in Nature's Own Way Permanently Restores Lost Hair Colour.

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF 1,000,000 "ASTOL" OUTFITS.

ONE Million Gifts to the Grey-Haired! This is to-day's announcement by a well-known London Hair Specialist, who has solved the question of how to restore Grey hair to its natural colour.

Tens of thousands of people to-day are using dyes or stains to no good purpose, and others are still allowing their Grey hairs to increase.

As the Inventor-Discoverer generously says, simply cut out and post the form below, when *you*, if grey-haired, may commence immediately to regain all the lost natural colour of your hair.

A WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY.

"Astol," as the new discovery is called, is indeed a wonderful preparation; superseding the dangerous use of artificial dyes or stains, it restores the *natural* condition of the hair.

Many thousands have already tested "Astol" and have proved its remarkable properties. Most important of all is the fact that once "Astol" has restored the natural colour of your hair the restoration of your youthful attraction is permanent.

A few minutes night and morning applying "Astol" as directed and, no matter how long-standing your case may be, no matter what the cause of your grey hair, "Astol" will restore its full youthful colour.

If your hair is:

Totally Grey, Grey at the Temples,

Grey in Patches,

Turning Grey at the Neck

—just write for your free supply of "Astol," apply it as directed, and you will find the full rich colour returning.

On the left is seen the colour cell of the Grey Hair shaft. The natural colour has departed. "Astol" re-awakens the colouring cells of the Hair to natural healthy vitality, thus restoring the original colour. Note the wonderful difference when "Astol" has been used. The hair shaft (depicted on right) is reflooded with natural colour, which speedily gives back a youthful appearance.

DYES AND STAINS INJURE YOUR HAIR.

The inventor of this unique process says: "Dyes and stains are almost always harmful to the hair growth They merely paint the hair shaft—a process that wears off in the shortest possible time. Dyes and stains have to be constantly renewed and yet it is all labour wasted, for even the slightest inspection betrays their presence at once."

HOW GREY HAIR HANDICAPS.

There are very real and potent reasons for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned and "messy" stains, dyes, and tints, and must at once make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

No man or woman can see their hair going grey without a pang. The appearance of grey hair too often sounds the death-knell of many hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Whether it arises from shock, sickness, fright, anxiety, or the natural passing of the years, it is a cause for regret, and in these strenuous modern days may almost be said to carry a stigma. At any rate, it is often a bar to social, professional, and commercial success.

By return of post you will receive:—

THE FREE "ASTOL" OUTFIT.

1. A Free Bottle of ASTOL, the wonderful new scientific preparation that literally forces the natural *colouring* cells of the hair to new healthy activity.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the splendid hair and scalp cleanser which prepares the hair for the application of ASTOL.

3. A Copy of the famous Instruction Book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," in the pages of which the use of ASTOL is clearly explained.

No matter from whatever cause the greyness may arise, "Astol" will quickly and permanently banish it. The proprietors possess thousands of grateful letters bearing testimony to this, but for obvious reasons it would be a distinct breach of confidence and etiquette to publish anysuch letters.

WHAT "ASTOL" IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

1. "Astol" is the discovery of the well-known London hair specialist who introduced the new world-famed "Harlene Hair Drill," in itself a powerful recommendation and guarantee.

2. It is neither a dye nor a stain, both of which are rightly held in abhorrence by every man and woman of refined and sensitive temperament. Dyes and stains are messy and ineffective, and their use is easily detected.

3. It is physiological in its action, and does not merely *paint* the hair shaft. It has a powerful action on enfeebled and atrophied colouring cells, and restores their youthful vigour and healthy functional activity.

4. "Astol" is itself an absolutely clear and colourless liquid, supplied in dainty bottles. It does not give temporarily a *false* colour to the hair, but actually brings back its *natural* colour.

APPLY FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT TO-DAY.

The treatment only takes up about two minutes a day. A "Cremex" shampoo is deliciously refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp, and is very soothing to a tired brain or nerves. "Astol" hustles languid, weak, and inactive colouring cells into healthy activity once more. In the less severe cases you can *see* the grey hair disappearing almost daily. In more obstinate cases the same result is accomplished, but more slowly.

You can obtain further supplies of "Astol" from any chemist the world over at 3s. and 5s. per bottle; Cremex, 1s. 1½d. per box of seven packets, or direct post free on remittance from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed

FREE 'GIFT OF YOUTH' COUPON

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Cut out and post to

EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.
20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir,—Please send me a free trial "Astol" Outfit, with full particulars how I may restore my grey hair to its former colour. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage & packing.

NOTE TO READER:

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin Coupon to it and post as directed above.

JOHN BULL, 17.11.17.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

10,000 FREE BOTTLES
OF
CROSBY'S COUGH CURE
AND
10,000 FREE "HEALTH GUIDES."

A Remarkable Offer is made to-day to the Public. A well-known firm has decided upon a Two-Fold Health Gift to the People.

As the cold, damp days are now approaching, with practically an epidemic of coughs and colds, the Proprietors have decided to distribute Free Trial Bottles of their famous Crosby's Cough Elixir, a remedy which so marvellously and completely overcomes bad coughs, chest, throat, or lung troubles. They have also decided to issue 10,000 Free copies of a remarkable 68-page Health Guide.

"The Anti-Lancet," written by Dr. Rooke, explains the causes and cure of all forms of disease, and shows how in the home they may be effectively treated. This book is a standard health work, and no home can afford to be without it.

BAD COUGHS LEAD TO CONSUMPTION.

"Crosby's Cough Elixir" is an old-established, well-tried, and proved remedy in all diseases of the respiratory organs and affords immediate relief in cases of—

1. **Heavy, racking cough.**
2. **Difficulty in natural breathing.**
3. **Catarrhal condition.**
4. **Wheezing noises in the throat.**
5. **Weak chest and sore throat.**

Thousands of grateful letters have been received by the Proprietors of "Crosby's Cough Elixir." It may be taken by people of all ages, from the most delicate children to the most infirm and threatened of old men and women.

When you have proved for yourself, without cost, the wonderful properties of Crosby's Cough Elixir, further supplies may be obtained at all branches of Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, Lewis and Burrows, etc., etc., at 1s. 3d., 3s., 5s., or direct from the proprietors, Dr. Rooke (Dept. 203), Limited, Leeds.

FREE COUGH CURE COUPON

To Dr. Charles Rooke, Ltd. (Dept. 203), Leeds.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me a trial bottle of Crosby's Cough Elixir, also copy of the "Anti-Lancet." I enclose 2d. stamps for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL, 17/11/17.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.

Write now for my clearance lists for either Cash or Instalments—PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c. Grand Bicycles from £7/19/6 *(maker's price £12 12/-)*. Secure your Machine before stock exhausted. . . . Bargain Lists free from GEORGE KING, Ltd., The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £4 10s. The 6ft. din. size at £6 16s cash or 18 monthly payments of 10s. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £12 10s. cash or in 18 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E.J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.
LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

A. P. (Melton Mowbray).—"Did you say you would give every man in the Army a shilling if the war was not over in nine weeks?" How *could* we?

A. H. (Woburn Sands) tells us of a butter-dump containing, "a cubic yard of butter, approximately equal to 650 lbs." Anyhow, it's more than we've seen lately.

G. B. (Keighley).—We don't know about "pertinent" questions, but we could suggest a few impertinent ones to put to Sir A. Yapp when he visits your town.

S. (Walthamstow).—Quite right that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Perhaps they'll presently help up against the Kaiser. Meanwhile, the moon is a nuisance.

"PROFITEERED" (Islington).—We've missed our way in life. We ought to have kept a provision shop.

"IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC" (Maesteg).—Your praise of our articles is an inspiration. Henceforth our pen will flow with a freer fluxion, so to speak.

MRS. E. T. (Wakefield).—In response to your kind inquiry, "the name of the most popular paper printed in London" is to be found in modest capitals at the head of this page.

"A SOLDIER'S FATHER" (Faversham).—Your son in Mesopotamia has not received a letter from home since April; your brother none since January. We have often protested against such carelessness; *every* mail is not lost!

"ALEX" (Aberdeen).—"A ship arrived at Cardiff, was ordered to London, and got there. Then her entire cargo was railed to Cardiff." Yes, that's how the railways are kept too congested for winter racing.

A. H. (Chief Steward).—You have been torpedoed seven times, three times in 1915, four times in 1917. As you are still carrying on, we admire your pluck and call you a brick.

"CLERICUS" (Drury Lane).—It did *not* escape us that the Rev. Sir Vyell Donnithorne Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, Cornwall, died worth £218,997. Didn't you read our par? And did you expect he would leave you a bit?

H. W. (Newcastle).—Your postcard leads us to suspect you've escaped from your keeper.

A. R. (Shoreditch) is savage with a Leadenhall butcher for charging him 2s. 8d. lb. for mutton chops. Still, it will be cheaper in the long run to have a chop in England than a stake in Germhuny.

H. W. A. (Willesden).—"The Government could enlighten you if they chose to." Just possible; but, generally speaking, it has been the other way about.

A. W. B. (Portsmouth).—"Trusting that JOHN BULL will keep carrying on." You can put your shirt on that, old man.

W. P. (Peckham).—Your egregious friend, "Pee Dee," or any other ass who supports Dr. Saleeby and the discredited "Strength of Britain Movement" in the face of our unchallenged criticisms, is simply an object for scorn and derision.

E. S. (Ldn.).—"Aliens in the East End have been buying large quantities of sovereigns at 24s. each." They can have one Sovereign—Kaiser Bill—for tuppence.

DRIVER C. (Manchester).—"Teetotal Russia alone seems to have no stomach for the fight." A pill for pumpuritans!

"PATRIOTIC ECONOMISER."—"If every house was furnished with a bucket for pig-wash, a dustman could call for contents." We do not think dustmen are hungry enough for that.

M. L. (Burnham Market).—"At the internment camp of 95 to 100 prisoners, the Commandant cannot speak a word of German." Then let him say "damn" to them in good English.

"FRED" (Macclesfield).—There are 400 "Bullets" Prize Turkeys still to be won.

"ALPHA" (Leeds).—Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is accounted wise.

"MINISTER" (Dewsbury).—You're too good for anything. Haven't you one redeeming vice?

M. H. (Carmarthen).—We understand your feelings when the station officials refused to let you say good-bye to your soldier relative going back from leave.

"CARRY ON" (Bromley).—Schoolmasters are not overpaid, certainly, but you really overdo it in turning on the tap. Mop your eyes a bit.

"A WOMAN MUNITIONS WORKER" (London) alleges that the men back from the Front engaged in re-shaping shell cases at Woolwich Arsenal have been ordered to "make the job last." Really?

"SAILORMAN" (*s.s Rossia*) begs to inform us "how the Customs Officers at Liverpool have taken possession of two bottles of Florida water and two bottles of bay rhum." We could tell him funnier stories of Customs Officers than that.

MR. W. J. CLARK (President, East Ham Scouts, 955, Romford Road, E. 12) desires contributions for keeping in order with flowers, etc., the grave of Jack Cornwell, which—as we have shown—has been neglected.

G. L. W. (London, E.C.).—So you find that the supposed spy was "shot by order." We shouldn't have worried if he had been bayoneted by request.

J. B. S. (West Kensington).—We note your claim that you are "gifted with a little imagination." That, of course, was the trouble with Ananias.

L. W. R. (Cheltenham).—Much tickled by your little riddle. We've saving it up for Christmas.

"DIRTY TRICK" (West Kirby) suggests the scattering of soot on the Thames at four o'clock every afternoon so as to prevent the reflection guiding Hun airmen. Brainy—what?

"A PATRIOT" (Shrewsbury).—Schneider is not always a German name. The "Leedle Dog" with his tail cut short and his ears cut long" belonged to a Dutchman.

W. C. R. (Runcorn).—Want us to "prick the skin of the Shipping Controller"? We have sent one of the staff to the Zoo to experiment on a rhinoceros. Should he succeed, will take further steps.

"INDIGNANT" (Portsmouth) resents the Post Office wanting to know so much of his past and present life on his applying for a job of 22s. a week with 8s. war bonus. They are anxious he should have no stain on his escutcheon.

H. S (Hosp., Rathmines).—"Are ponies employed down coal pits?" (yes) "or gold mines?" (will go and look). "Do wild ducks fly?" (until shot). "Is there such a thing as a Water Rat, and under what conditions does it live?" (Water Rats are found in the best music halls, and live like fighting cocks.)

PTE. A. F. (Can. A.M.C.).—A Canadian lent 30s. to a stranger outside Euston, and has not seen him since. He "thinks the gentleman looked honest, and might send the money to us for the soldier." It was a dirty swindle by a hound deserving the rope.

"AIRS" (Fulham).—"Fulham men engaged on air-craft work are being discharged because there is nothing to do." Nothing to do! Well—"There ain't a word——!"

"ONE WHO HAS BEEN HARD HIT."—We will make no comment upon the gouty doctor who employs an able-bodied chauffeur, instead of a discharged warrior, to drive him about—because we don't suppose we could say anything likely to hurt him more than the gout.

"DISGUSTED" (Blackfriars).—Go to! We are not accepting samples of anybody's pie. You should have complained to the local sanitary department.

"INQUIRER" (London, N.).—"Why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" Presumably they were on leave from the Flying Corps.

"POOR PUBLICAN" (Edinburgh).—Where canvassing is allowed to applicants for public offices it leads to abuses. Likewise when it isn't.

MRS. L. E. (Millwall) would like to know whether the country is really so short of food as the shopkeepers make out. Don't know what they make out, except the bill.

M. C. (Glasgow).—"I would like to inform you how a certain Ass. Coy. has treated me for years." There is no accounting for ass companies.

"REJECTED" (Stratford).—Don't be ridic. Hasn't Shakesbacon said that "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for love"?

"OLD HAND" (Worthing) complains that the West Sussex "Specials" have asked for 1s. a day extra, and have only been granted 6d. That is the difference between a Bobbie and a tanner.

"ILFORD."—"The Inspector requires a man to fetch him in the morning, and take him home to lunch, and another man to take him home at night." Why not get him a dog and a bit of string?

S. A. (Chiswick).—Glad you liked our "Candid Communication." Hot stuff, eh?

T. G. S. (Sedgley).—Thanks for your fierce poem on the Kaiser, which we have devoured with gloating glee.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" (London, E.C.).—Very sweet of you to ask our opinion "on girls smoking," but isn't there a lucky man anywhere who has a better right to review your conduct? If *he* doesn't mind, we don't.

MRS. R. K. P. (Croydon).—"I hated the name of JOHN BULL at one time." Don't apologise. We all have our foolish periods.

G. S. (Holborn).—"Why are respectable girls refuged a drink in a bar?" Drink is not always a safe refuge for a respectable girl.

BANDSMAN W. (Carlisle).—"The tin of boot polish contained hardly any polish." Profiteers think only of the tin; their ways are utterly without polish.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

I WILL TEACH YOU

to Play the Piano Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. **Thousands have done so for sixteen years.** Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music Send Postcard for Copy of my interesting, illustrated book, **"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD,"** which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.** I have also a course for **Beginners, *who need not know a note.*** Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.

AN ELEMENTARY PLAYER:
"Your System is worth ten times your charge. Those who hesitate have all to lose."—G. E. L. (Sheffield).

MR. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct, London.

A REMARKABLE LETTER
on Restoration of Linen.
"The Stains disappeared as by Magic."

"After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's apron almost new, but discarded on account of a big ironmould mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as by magic.—Yours faithfully, "G.A.T."

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine Stains, etc., removed quickly.

MOVOL

In case of difficulty in obtaining send 1/2 for large trial tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, Ld., Bolton.

THIS salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric—Movol can be used without fear on old lace, etc. Manufactured by W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 6d. and 1s. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

The directions with each tube must be carefully followed.

ON GUARD.

Don't allow enemies to your health to enter your system through nose and mouth. Be on your guard by using

SoToL *MOUTH WASH TABLETS*

Easily dissolved, forming fragrant & efficient antiseptic mouth-wash & nasal douche. 1/6 & 2/9 at good chemists

Mens Suits

Would you like for 5/- Easy Terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you at the price? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set No. 19), and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns, Book of Styles, and Measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash. Write before the best patterns are sold out to Dept. 19.

CATESBYS LTD.,
Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1.

Write to-day to have H. Samuel's Money-Saving Catalogues sent as issued. By return you will get a beautiful big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, etc., at next to Factory prices. *H. Samuel, the world's largest Jewellery Firm. Branches in all Principal Towns.*

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, nickel case **17/6**

H. SAMUEL,
199, MARKET ST. Manchester.
H. Samuel, Ltd.

DRAWS OUT THE INFLAMMATION.

Grasshopper Ointment Draws Inflammation from the Chest, Throat, Nerves, Hands, Face, or Skin, and Poisons from the Blood.

BY means of extensive advertising it is possible to give a medical preparation a very large sale; but unless it possesses considerable merit its sale will not continue long, as the public will in time discover its worthlessness, and discontinue buying it.

It is only preparations of great value, like **Grasshopper Ointment,** which retain their sale from one generation to another. **Grasshopper** has commanded a steady sale for more than fifty years, notwithstanding that until recently it received practically no advertising other than that obtained from the recommendations of those who had used it and whom it had cured.

The especial property which has enabled **Grasshopper Ointment** to retain the patronage of the public for so long is its wonderful power of drawing from the blood and tissue the poisonous impurities which cause boils, ulcers, fistula, carbuncles, bunions, eczema, bad leg, and other ailments of that character. Other preparations may have this drawing, poison-absorptive power, but not to the same extent as **Grasshopper.**

During its half-century existence the number of serious cases alone which have been successfully treated with **Grasshopper** amounts to many thousands. In every case the cure was accomplished by the Ointment drawing from the blood and tissue the poisons which cause the trouble.

This drawing power renders the Ointment an absolute cure, not only for the maladies mentioned, but for many other ailments. It is of unsurpassed value, for instance, in treating throat and chest troubles, as the strongest mustard plaster does not draw out the inflammation as speedily and effectively as an application of **Grasshopper.**

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of—

Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis & Burrows', Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists, at 1s. 3d. a Box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

SEND A PENNY STAMP FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

Last Two Weeks of our Great Xmas Offer!

1,000 TURKEYS

LAST TWO WEEKS OF OUR GREAT XMAS OFFER!

200 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

Owing to the war, Turkeys will be exceptionally scarce this year and very expensive. Those to be awarded as "Bullets" prizes will be of the best quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be despatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.

DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER

1,000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL "TARGET" PRIZES

& 200 Specially Selected Turkeys to be Won this week

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 22nd.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(262) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 262, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 22nd.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(262) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 22nd.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(262) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 263. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 263 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 263, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the 32 Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 263.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS	BECOMING SCARCE	A RUN CUSTOMER	BACKING A WINNER
PLEASANT DREAMS	NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY	WANTS FINDING	WORTH WAITING FOR
TRYING FOR TURKEY	CAPITAL AND LABOUR	TROUBLE AT HOME	SHINING LIGHTS
DUTCH COURAGE	STUMBLING BLOCK	EATING TOO MUCH	A CLEAN SWEEP
STRIKING A BARGAIN	LETTING HIM DOWN	EVERYBODY'S SECRET	DECEIVING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 262.

HAIG'S AMBITION
MAN OF PUSH
SPLENDID CAPTURE
GERMAN PILL-BOXES
TOTTERING STATE
NOT FINISHED YET
BEFORE CHRISTMAS
ASKING TOO MUCH
WILFUL WASTE
DECEIVED NOBODY
DRAWING HIS PAY
BLAMING FATHER
WHAT TOMMY THINKS
MOST IMPORTANT
DREAMING OF PEACE
A LITTLE KID
EXTRA SPECIAL
WAITING FOR ORDERS
TENDER AND TRUE
TURKEY'S FATE
SLICE OF LUCK
NEVER SATISFIED
HIS FIRST WIFE
CHARMING YOUNG GIRL
COLD SNAP
CHOSE TOO OFTEN
UNPLEASANT MEETING
A BAD LIVER
FIGHTING SPIRIT
WHEN FOUND OUT
MOTHER'S DARLING
WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
NEVER SATISFIED.
Bullet:—
MY WIFE, SAYS HENPECKED.
Example:—
WHAT TOMMY THINKS.
Bullet:—
SERGEANT DOESN'T HEAR.

Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 8th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated November 17th.

Result of Competition 259 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF 259th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. WALTER EGLIN,
5, Aldersgate Street,
West Hartlepool.

Example:—BOMBING THE GERMANS.
Bullet:—IN "LARGE CAPITALS," PLEASE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Nurse R. LINCOLN,
Shoreditch Infirmary,
Hoxton St., London, N. 1.

Example:—HIGH AND LOW.
Bullet:—"FALLING IN LINE" TOGETHER.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. WM. H. FOWLER,
17, Ealing Park Gardens,
London, W. 5.

Example:—ON LAST LEGS.
Bullet:—HUNS INTEND "LEAVING" BELGIUM.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. M. A. CANNON, 40, Lichfield Road, Bow, London, E.: MUG'S GAME—EMIGRANT ACKNOWLEDGES "BY-RETURN."
Mr. F. KEWMAN, Mill Hill Cottage, Galleywood, Chelmsford: HIGH AND LOW—RUSSIA WRECKED BETWEEN THEM.
Mr. G. WOOD, "Innerbrook," Stephenson Road, Gowes, I.W.: EVERYBODY KNOWS—SECRET SESSIONS CONTAIN "TELLERS."
Mrs. MAYHEW, c/o Gwynnes Aviation Works, Chiswick, London: BOUND TO WIN—"FOOLISH" THINKING OTHERWISE. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Seaman W. TROTTER, R.N., 28, Leaf Street, Hulme, Manchester: BOMBING THE GERMANS—MACHINES REQUIRED "WITH SPEED."
Mr. G. BRACKEN, 10, Holywood Road, Belfast: BOUND TO WIN—IF "PARTY HACKS" AWAY.
Sgt.-Major E. COLL, 5/T.R. Bn., Rugeley Camp, Staffs: EVERYBODY KNOWS—WE'RE "SPOILING" THE HUNS.
Mr. J. METCALFE, 120, Jessie Road, Southsea, Hants: TAKES SOME DOING—"ADD SUGAR—TO TASTE."
Mr. H. HURNARD, 16, Paradise Street, Margate: FINISHING SCHOOL—ARMY COOK SADLY NEEDS.
Mr. A. JENKINS, 99, May Street, Cathays, Cardiff: FEW LIKE IT—ARMY "GRUEL" FINDS TASTE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. R. B. ANDREW, 3, Mill Street, Airdrie: IN THE MUD—MANY "ROLLING STONES" STOP.
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The following have sent in correct claims:—

C. G. W. FIELD, C.Q.M.S., 62, Dudley Road, Tunbridge Wells. Oct. 20th, 1917. No. 974,793.

A. L. PENNINGTON, 5, Hayes Street, Thatto Heath, St. Helen's. Oct. 20th, 1917. No. 316,798.

T. SHIRLEY, 115, Katherine Street, Hirst, Ash, Northumberland. Oct. 13th, 1917. No. 749,523.

G. PARKINSON, 31, Belle Vue Street, Healey, near Batley, Yorks. Oct. 27th, 1917. No. 995,889.

S. G. SKIPWORTH, 7, Queen's Park Avenue, Edinburgh. Oct. 20th. No. 610,309.

JAMES G. PAGE, 41, Priory Avenue, Hoe Street, Walthamstow. Oct. 20th. No. 1,129,640.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 10th:—

029,517	362,773	624,778	963,177	1,325,327
046,422	394,394	687,122	982,971	1,366,102
089,006	406,563	729,018	1,005,138	1,415,680
114,589	434,089	751,343	1,057,332	1,437,809
190,381	518,640	786,275	1,084,274	1,472,140
243,690	549,449	805,700	1,166,853	1,549,936
286,259	592,767	836,498	1,189,530	1,566,732
291,600	623,028	848,687	1,214,009	1,622,047
327,876	658,329	916,411	1,248,583	1,674,318
355,135	678,823	954,339	1,294,446	1,789,532

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 21st).

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and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

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Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

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November 17, 1917.

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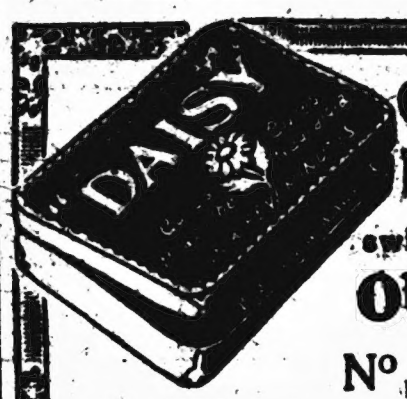

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